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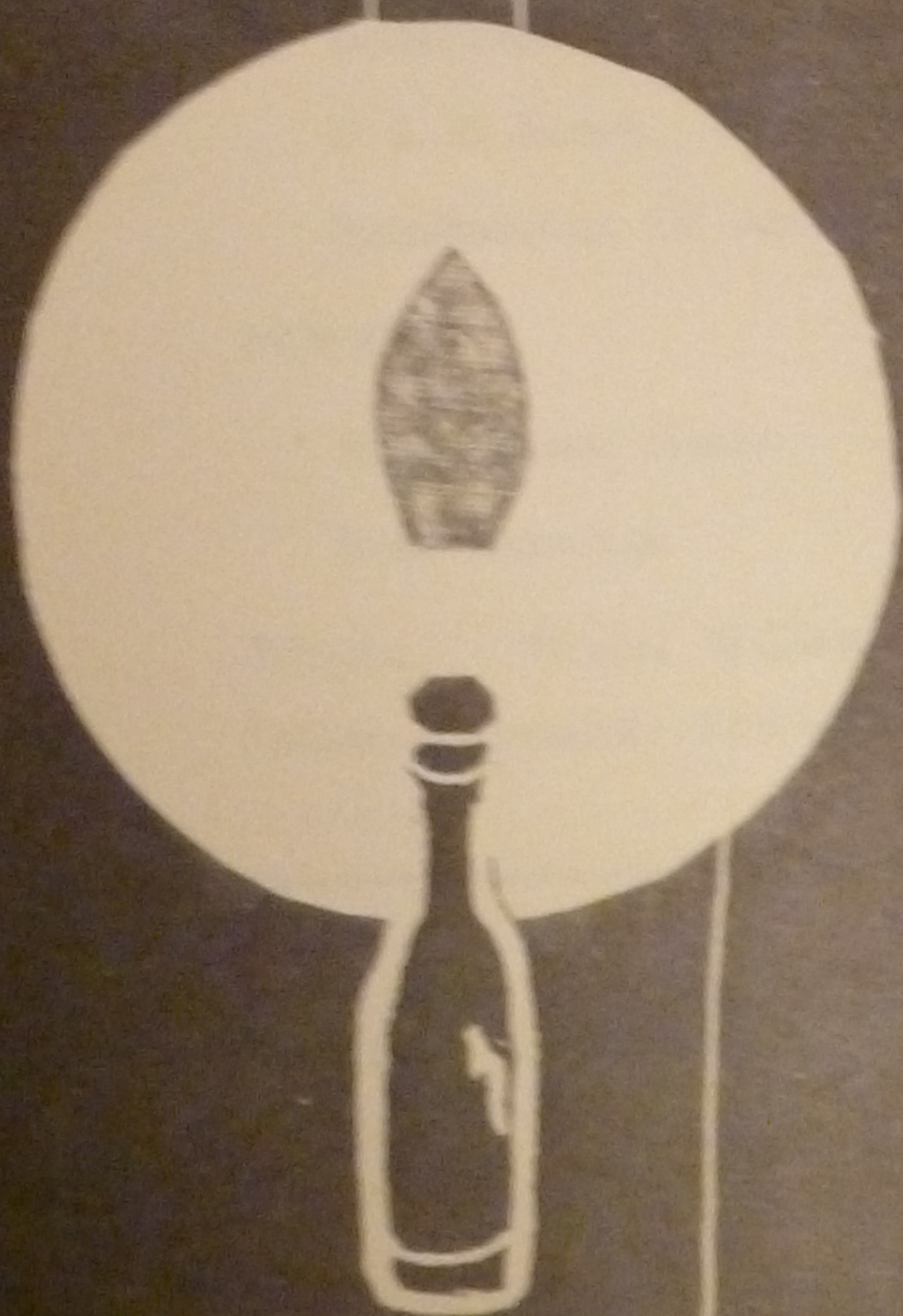
FLAMBEAU

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

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"FLAMBEAU"

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

"INSTEAD OF CURSING THE DARKNESS ONE LIGHTS A CANDLE."

NO. 6

NOVEMBER, 1966.

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EDITORIAL.

There is a new division in our society. People are not labelled rich and poor; nor as light-skinned and dark; nor as conservatives and radicals. There is today a more meaningful and perilously comprehensive term of reference. One is designated either PPP or Labour, and that classification tells you all there is to know of the person concerned. It is as if both groupings believe that they have a prescriptive right to govern the country and anyone with an opposed view is an heretic. In Labour circles to be PPP is to subscribe to all the values and beliefs of an evil and diabolic world. Equally, to PPP supporters a Labourite is a follower of the black bourgeois class who seeks to maintain an inequitable status quo, and may even wish to revert to the benighted days of feudalistic landlordism and repressive oligarchical rule. These are the symbols which both parties have attached to each other, the images which they have conjured up and projected on one another. They are dangerous distortions that only help to cloud existing realities and confuse issues. They are the easy stereotypes and accepted trademarks which have driven a wedge deep into the ranks of our society, and have sown hatreds and injected rancours that are working their deadly poison into the society, sapping the moral energies and vitiating the spiritual fabric of our people.

The community has recently staggered out of a putrid election contest, badly scathed and completely demoralized. The political system seems to have convulsed under the yoke of an imposed two party system. The hustings appeared to have brought out the most unseemly side of human nature. All the excrescence of sheer gutter politics were brought to the fore and let loose upon a battered and hardly deserving electorate. The electioneering was marked by smear-campaigns, character assassinations, cheap politickings, the blatant prostitution of the main media of mass communication, and the coarseness of personal attacks which, though unprintable, are apparently not litigious in St. Vincent. Canvassing for votes sunk to unprecedented depths as the concept of public decency was wiped off the books during the frenzied grab for power and influence and money. It was an election with no holds barred.

And now, more than two months after the election, the atmosphere remains emotionally charged, and very tense. For one thing the issue is still unsettled as the legitimacy of the PPP Government has been challenged by the Labour Party through the courts. For another

the P.P.P. score a pyrrhic victory. It failed to secure a majority of the popular vote and in the heat of the campaign it neglected to woo the support of the Civil Service which it solely needs to ensure the proper working of the machinery of Government. Indeed in his "victory speech" the Chief Minister declared that laws might have to be enacted to bring into line some dissidents "who are out of joint." And in the society at large the animosities which were generated in the fever-pitch excitement of the campaign are beginning to produce their bitter fruit. The Labour Party has publicly called for an economic boycott of supposedly P.P.P. backed businessmen, and the PPPites are retorting in kind. The folly of this sort of behaviour was shown up forcibly in one area where mourners at a funeral were arranged according to known party affiliation, P.P.P. in front, and Labour behind!

Nobody knows how this impasse will be resolved, but indications are that things will get worse before they become better. Witch-hunts have been instituted by the more aggressive activists in both camps who are endeavouring to find out how individual votes were cast during last polling day. If this untoward step is the prelude to the granting of political patronage on the one hand and victimisation on the other, then we may reasonably expect the possibility of civil disturbances as some people become despondent and desperate. Some unrest might also result if the majority of the electorate believes that its will has been thwarted by a nice legalistic point, or that delaying tactics are being used to effect a general accommodation to the status quo. And the situation is made more explosive by the presence of some frustrated souls who are not prepared to abide by the rules of the game, but who seriously question the validity of the ballot-box and welcome the prospect of "the cleansing force" of violence.

The social situation is in a state of unbalance, the political climate is potentially turbulent. With the introduction of our new constitution more power will be localised, more power will gravitate to the elected Ministers of Government. It is a situation which demands caution and restraint in the exercise of that power, and responsibility in the opposition to it. We fervently hope that all citizens will be classified in the new dispensation, not as PPP or Labour but as Vincentians who are determined to cooperate with whichever Government is saddled with the responsibility of guiding us.

LETTER

Dear Mr. Editor,

Let me be among the hundreds, I am sure, who have congratulated you on a brilliant July issue of *Flambeau*. It is clearly demonstrated that Vincentians can produce literary pieces comparable to any in the world, once they resolve to throw off their lethargy and get to work. Dowers' 'The See-er Man' for example was very funny. Special mention must be made of Kenneth John's 'St. Vincent a Political Kaleidoscope' which was to my mind, an admirable piece of writing. Such an article should serve at least two purposes. Firstly, it should move the present crop of politicians to act in a more responsible and unselfish manner or face utter rejection by the people. Secondly it should stimulate and inspire skilled, fellow-Vincentians abroad to return home and pool their talent to help solve the country's acute political, economic and social problems. We must realise the days of the amateur politician are no more in a world beset by the evils of overpopulation, hunger, racial and class prejudices among others. In our particular case nine individuals control the destinies of eighty-odd thousand men, women and children. If they decide that we fight in Vietnam, we must or If they decide we are doomed to destruction then by golly, we are. Therefore it is almost a platitude to say that the machinery of government must necessarily be in the hands of people who are competent to govern. It is a sad squirk of history that in the Caribbean islands traditionally only a certain type of person has gone into politics, namely the type who couldn't do any thing else for a living. Fortunately the scene is changing, though rather slowly. Professional men are entering politics in Jamaica, Trinidad, Barbados, St. Lucia. We can only hope a similar thing comes to St. Vincent before long. Really, happy would be the day when we can boast a responsible regime sensitive to the needs of the masses and competent to offer solutions.

Mr. Editor, thanks again for an inspiring and truly memorable issue of *Flambeau*.

Yours respectfully,
(Mr.) BALWIN A. KING.

EDITOR'S NOTE: In our January 1966 issue Andron Wilwright contributed "Of colour of skin and St. Vincent." This article which stirred up a veritable hornet's nest in the community has as its theme: 'the lighter the complexion the fairer the chances in St. Vincent.' Elizabeth Brochmann, a White Canadian, criticised Wilwright in her article "Of colour of thinking and St. Vincent" which was included in our

April issue. Now Alfie Roberts takes up the cue from Canada. The article was unfortunately crowded out from our last issue.

WHY WE MUST THINK FOR OURSELVES

By ALFIE ROBERTS

Energy has had to be diverted to make this reply whereas an article on the economy of the island, a sorely needed exercise, would have been more opportune. But there is urgent need to polemicise against the mischievous calumnies spewed forth by Elizabeth Brochmann in the April issue of *Flambeau*. And, make no mistake, I am not prolonging the debate on this issue unduly. Circumstances demand that the confusion of outlook that has emanated from certain quarters be clarified. Even the Editorial which appeared with Brochmann's so-called answer naively supported her charges in part. She will not be allowed to win by default. For human dignity, integrity and self-respect are here at stake.

Elizabeth Brochmann hastened at the very outset of her article to declare that she was a White foreigner, as if this was supposed to be some special badge of distinction which would impart objectivity into the comments she was about to make. She said that she had not chosen her "race" and that she spoke with empathy. Such pious-sounding and platitudinous statements are designed to disarm the careless reader. What empathy! It is one thing when these foreigners, however well-intentioned, meet us on our home ground where we trip over ourselves in a frenzied attempt to out-do one another in order to impress them with a generosity we cannot really afford, and to win their hypocritical affection. This was the sort of thing that prompted the racist English historian, James Anthony Froude, to say this:

"the poor black was a faithful servant so long as he was a slave. As a freeman he is conscious of his inferiority at the bottom of his heart, and would attach himself to a rational white employer with at least as much fidelity as a spaniel. Like the spaniel, too, if he is denied the chance of developing under guidance the better qualities which are in him, he will drift back into a mangy cur."

But it is another thing when we meet these same foreigners on their home base where we really find out what they are made of; all their professed "empathy" seems mysteriously to vanish overnight, and one finds it difficult to believe that they were the same people that one "knew" at home. But it seems that we will never learn until these foreigners colonise us all over again; which is what we seem to be headed for.

Elizabeth Brochmann went on to make a lot of liberal-sounding but ambivalent statements such as, "sometimes it hurts less if we can convince our-

selves that none of it is our personal, individual lack but "their prejudice". We all want excuses. I do not deny racial problems, not being blind. Prejudice in a man who has been hurt as the Negro has been by the White is understandable. It is not, however, desirable."

Such statements reek of sarcasm and paternalism and can and usually do cause confusion in the minds of our people who in a lot of cases do not take the time to really go behind the "reasonable" utterances of people who have trafficked in cloaked perfidy for centuries. Wilright was not imputing "prejudice" to anyone when he wrote his article, and for Brochmann to drag in "prejudice" here, is an immoral and diabolical attempt to mislead and misrepresent. And this is not surprising, for any time the black man anywhere decides to question anything, there are those who are quick to whip out the racist tag for him. This is just what Brochmann has attempted to do in the usual diplomatic way typical of the Anglo-Saxon who is very adept at the art of saying and writing things which can mean all things to all men at all times. Probably the most appropriate comment that I can make about Brochmann's piece is what Professor Elsa Govia has said about Froude's work:

"(It) is an extremely dangerous one to quote because it is riddled with self-contradictions and also because the argument which it was intended to advance is not systematically presented, but arises apparently from a series of random reflections. This makes it by no means the less effective as a piece of propaganda. If anything it is the more insidious for being only apparently lucid."

These fair islands, looked upon as nothing but tourist and pleasure spots, are now being deluged with all types of foreigners who conjure up in their minds the idyllic state of nature and innocence in which our people should dwell like "noble savages", and who must be rescued from the "vices" of enlightenment. These foreigners imbued with these romantic concepts are of a motely hue. They are made up of a lot of people, some of whom have been exposed to some degree of higher learning, and some are just white good-for-nothing. Taken as a whole, these people are some of the most arrogant and all-knowing types. They, in the tradition of the settlers in Africa, and the colonists of the Americas and the West Indies, always are quick to say "we know them." According to Frantz Fanon, the late Martiniquan Afro-West Indian who fought in the Algerian Revolution:

"The settler and the native are old acquaintances. In fact the settler is right when he speaks of knowing "Them" well. For it is the settler who brought the native into existence and who perpetuates this existence." Hence we now have this new set who also "know them." But know what? They know that from superficially reading the sociology and anthropology of so-called Primitive Peoples that so-and-so is so, and or is supposed to be so. Some of these people

are therefore coming to these islands and spending sometimes just a few days, and then from the premise "we were there," want to engage and oppose locally-born and knowledgeable people in discussions about the needs and aspirations of their people and, on top of this, to adopt deceptively dogmatic and sarcastic stances: For example, Brochmann states:

"Suppose a young vigorous group of intelligent boys of all races, and all social classes guided by an experienced well educated group of all races and classes, such as Flambeau should be." (emphasis mine).

Why does Brochmann drag in Flambeau in such a sarcastic and derogatory manner? What is she really trying to prove? If the "Flambeau" folk have limited their group it must be for a reason. Probably they want to guard against infiltration by people of the Brochmann stripe who may wish to capsize the boat. When these foreigners or one-day tourists are confronted by people who do not brook their domineering attitude which is always fairly well masked, they then go around and begin vicious whispering campaigns that so-and-so is a radical and at worst a racist. And when these tags do not make the desired impact, that is, by having the "up-starts" socially ostracised or forced out of their jobs, then the red-baiting and witch-hunting devices are turned on. The ever-ready Communist label is always there to be dusted off and brought out to be hung around the appropriate neck. And our people who had been accustomed for centuries to look for guidance and to regard with awe what these mischievous expatriates have declared as law, then turn around and agree fully with whatever nonsense these Whites utter and join with them in destroying their own people.

But the liars and confusers cannot change another fact of this whole matter, which is, that any perspective observer who has travelled and lived abroad will not fail to see and note the differences in values and orientation of our respective peoples (West Indian and North American) thus leading one to the conclusion that our generosity and openness are widely abused by visitors to our land. And that we will give away our last asset to live up to the tradition that we are a nice, friendly, and simple people. Witness the fantastic competition between the islands to see which one can sell out the beaches and lands quickest and cheapest to foreigners, so that they (the foreigners) can get away from the alienation rampant in these inegalitarian industrial societies, and from the vigorous winters, to relax in the islands. And the fact that we have in St. Vincent one of the fastest growing populations in the whole West Indies; that fifty percent of our population is fifteen and under; that we cannot enter Britain, America and Canada freely; that our people abroad live and are treated like dogs irrespective of how well the majority live; all these things mean absolutely nothing to us. We continue to sell black as white to foreigners under the guise of Tourism, while not

being aware of the land policies of most progressive countries where no foreigner can own any land. How ever we in St. Vincent are living it up. But one day a Ministry for the Recovery of Ill-Gotten Gains and Ill-considered Sales must be set up for after investigations, those found wanting will be brought to justice.

There are therefore a lot of people coming to these islands, some of whom are fleeing from the psychotic conditions engendered in these developed societies, while others are fleeing from the re-emerging African and other such territories, and who are therefore seeking undisturbed idyllic havens to live near the sea, sun-tan on the beaches and to have their fill of sexual promiscuity. These freedom and pleasure seekers now perforce join the struggle to preserve the status quo in their new sanctuaries, because there may be nowhere else to go. For Cuba has closed the brothels and waged a militant campaign against vices of all kinds; Puerto Rico has become too much like the mainland, so too the Virgin Islands, as well as the Bahamas. Hence people are fanning out in all directions, and the "new" set are picking us out.

It is these "new" sets coming to us as teachers, and on other such assignments who are getting to know the local people, and in random waves of cultural obscurantism say things like what Brochmann says:

"I have seen the small rooms with its eye-slit where the African tribal chiefs stood to sell the natives of other African tribes. I have known the African ex-slaves of African masters."

"I have seen. I have known"; the authority speaks and there can be no opposition. It is this combination of half-truths, innuendoes, specious authority and general obscurantism that permeate Brochmann's article and must be combatted.

Brochmann, the African never went to the King of Portugal and the Queen of England and asked them to enslave his people. It was European intervention that threw the highly civilised African kingdoms into turmoil. It was in 1441 that Antam Goncalves, a Portugese, sailed to the West Coast of Africa, and in order to please his "royal" master seized twelve Africans and took them back to Portugal. This was how the traffic in human beings began. It started as a trickle and ended up like a mighty flood with England leading the way, so much so that scum like Hawkins for his "contribution" to humanity was knighted by Elizabeth I for raping Africa and transporting its "black ivory" across the Atlantic to build up the plantation economy, the legacies of which are still with us today. And to add insult to injury, Hawkins was given a crest which bore a Negro in chains as its emblem. This blasphemous act just indicates the esteem in which we have always been held. Just as today in Canada there are housing settlements known as the "Tobago", the "Grenada" the "Martinique" etc., they do not have St. Vincent as yet but this just represents the way of thinking about

the islands. And the advertisement calls us "Treasure Islands." So in one period the blackman is placed on a servile position on a crest, today we are known as "Treasure Islands." Does not this represent a continuity or imperialist thinking? Perhaps a look at C.L.R. James' "Black Jacobins" may help to straighten out a warped mentality. James affirms that following the rude European incursion into Africa:

"Tribal life was broken up and millions of detribalised Africans were let loose upon each other. The unceasing destruction of crops led to cannibalism. Tribes had to supply slaves or be sold as slaves themselves. Violence and ferocity survived. The stockades of grinning skulls, the human sacrifices, the selling of their own children as slaves, these horrors were the product of an intolerable pressure on the African peoples, which became fiercer through the centuries as the demands of industry increased and the methods of coercion were perfected." (Emphasis mine)

This is the true picture, and Brochmann had better get her facts straight. But she goes further and attempts to wish away the blatant presence of that bestial institution of slavery that still desecrates some parts of the African continent today. She talks about slavery in Africa as a thing of the past, in the face of African enslavement in Angola, Mozambique and so-called Portuguese Guinea and in spite of the enforced domination of White minorities over African majorities in South Africa, South West Africa and Southern Rhodesia. But Brochmann can slip in these unchallenged lies to guarantee her comfort in an uncritical Black community.

It is imperative, in spite of the provocations of people like Brochmann, that the history of our past be known, for wreckers and confusers are coming among us to sow division in order to dilute and smother any stirrings of enlightenment. And, to again emphasize the confusion that can take place by innuendoes, I quote Brochmann:

"The time is too critical for flights of poetic but distorted perspective, for the luxury of fake flights and false excuse. This is not the time for supplying the populace with soft rationalizations."

What is Brockman really saying? What does she think should be the function of a tribune like Flambeau. Is it not to enlighten us on the past and the present so that our people can be appraised of the machinations, tricks and intrigues of past historical actors? And yesterday the mission was to civilize us, today the mission is to bring us democracy and save us from communism. Does Brochmann not realise that it is by retracing deliberately obscured historic steps that perspectives of the present and future can be fairly clearly envisaged? For example, did not and do not the Jews still cling tenaciously to their history, culture and traditions inspite of their dispersal all over the world? Would not Brochmann agree

that it was being aware of their heritage among other things that has enabled these people to be fully conscious of their worth which has given them the confidence to struggle on? Must this same path be denied to the black man, because he is a black man?

Wilwright never implied anywhere in his article, according to Elizabeth Brochmann, that he wanted "a world of a dark black race or at the very least the coloured races." This vile assertion betrays the total malevolence and had faith of Brochmann which is further emphasized when she takes literally the statement made by Wilwright that "Despite the universal extermination drive, the black man continues to exist." And therefore to say as Brochmann says that this is "an inflammatory statement" is itself a malicious attempt to incite inflammatory reactions to Wilwright and to Flam. Hence, this is another example of the calumny and confusion that can be generated by "clever" people who cannot liberate themselves from their own subjectively intuitive orientation.

Brochmann went further too. She went on to vilify and heap scorn on the small Vincentian Negro business man, by asking:

"Has he adopted a formal system, recorded so that he can review, criticize and pass on to son or successor, his proven methods?"

Does Brochmann not here realise that she has unmasked her true self and succumbed to the same argument about the inferiority and enslavement of our African forefathers. For these cultural imperialists wrote and documented for years that the African was inferior to the white because he (the African) never recorded his thoughts and never developed the art of writing. The answer to all these sinister insinuations are now coming to light with the resurrection of long suppressed historical information, and through the achievements in archaeology and philology: in short, through the re-emergence of Africa via the invaluable contributions of the great West Indians viz: Sylvester Williams, Edward Blyden, George Padmore and the still living giant of a man, C.L.R. James. Another West Indian who trod this long and stormy road was the great Marcus Garvey. And tremendous contributions were invaluable made by the Dean of American Letters, the late Afro-American, Dr. W.E.B. DuBois.

Today, however, in these momentous and tumultuous times, a hack apologist comes among us to vilify the small Vincentian Negro businessman who has long and heroically endured the cruel aftermath of slavery and emancipation. And in fact, what does Brochmann really mean when in her hysterical fit of demagoguery and opportunism, she speaks of adoption of "a formal system recorded so that he can review, criticize and pass on." Is'nt she talking from the top of her head! How, for example, did G. W. Frank & Sons and Edward Shoy & Sons, to mention only two businessmen, come to the stage they are today? You think it was by guess, Brochmann! No. And Frank and

Shoy are not the only ones; they are all over the island. You believe these men don't record! Well why don't you get down from your Olympian height, Brochmann, and investigate. Brochmann, you have therefore placed yourself squarely in the lap of the cultural aggressors and defilers, whether by design or by innocence, who said our African forefathers were children and had to be led because they never invented the wheel and all this kind of arrant nonsense.

Brochmann deceptively and dogmatically continues: "What is past, is past." Everyone knows this. But this type of cheap and sterile cliché-mongering must not deter our people from delving into our past so that we may know what we are at. So one cannot and must not discard and forget this past by such a casual dismissal and, even worse, at the bidding of a foreigner from a supposedly enlightened environment. We must and will one day be taught our glorious past in relation to its contribution to the universal; it must be taught at all levels in our schools in order that our generation and those following should not repeat the asinine stupidities which Dr. Eric Williams repeated of the "overseas citizen français in Martinique and Guadeloupe, whose black children recite the French textbook: 'our ancestors had blonde hair and blue eyes'." So, Brochmann our past must be taught here in St. Vincent since we seem to be in the rear-guard of the progressive currents seething in fits and starts all around us. This history must be taught and not white-washed at that.

We are not interested in Brochmann's suspicions only in stark facts. Wilwright never wanted to forge disunity, but unity instead, by depicting the social and economic imbalances in the community which must be rectified. The scurrilous attempt by Brochmann to resort to the stereotyped and typical reaction of whites, to charge racism in reverse as soon as blackmen have the nerve to speak up and organize, is another blatant illustration of hysteria. The hysterical wailings of "Black Peril" and "Yellow Peril" begin to take on the potency of an ideology, because nothing must ever be done or said outside the realm of the thoughts and norms of the Anglo-Saxon framework, moreso as the measure of the world has been given to this framework by Divine Right, in the absence of which, the world could only become an apocalypse with coups d'etat, rifts between different ethnic groups, riots and whatnot.

And another question asked by Brochmann needs answering. Is she seriously implying that the great majority of "small Vincentian Negro businessmen" do not repay their bank loans, when she asks "does the average small businessman do what clever Mr. Basil Balcombe has done? Does he repay his bank loans?" But how can Brochmann account for the survival of the small businesses all over the island if their operators were not prudent and business-oriented in their own unsophisticated, but basically correct and unorthodox way? And I say unsophisticated, only to differ-

entiate between the scope and method of operation of the highly advanced entrepreneurial and corporate enterprises which have almost reached their apogee in North America, Europe, and the very much less high-powered enterprises throughout the developing world. And furthermore, most, if not all business operations, no matter how backward or advanced, are usually based on some sort of rudimentary accounting and managerial principles which are not exclusive to any one set of people.

In her facile attempt to mislead, confuse and slander and drag down the "small Vincentian Negro businessman", as opposed to his fellow islanders' unenviable positions, Brochmann proceeded to juxtapose him to, the "Asiatics" who have been born into a monied economy, and against whom he is fortunate not "to compete." A spectre seems to be haunting you, Brochmann. You have further betrayed yourself. Are you trying to say that the "small Vincentian Negro Businessman" would not have been able to hold his own against "Asiatic" competition? And why? Because the "Asiatics" had the good fortune to be "born into a monied economy", Brochmann would answer? If we know our history it would clearly emerge that African civilization made its contribution to Universal civilization, and will do so again. It is true that the majority of our people are descendants of slaves, who were hunted down, yoked and brought to these shores, and whose blood, sweat, tears and toil went towards the building of the industrial and capital foundations of Europe. But our true history does not begin on the beaches and docks of these islands. Our history began in Africa. Similarly, the history of Indians, Portuguese and Chinese go back to their respective countries of origin. And to quote from Leakey's "Progress and Evolution of Man in Africa", critics must not forget that men of science today "are with few exceptions, satisfied that Africa was the birth-place of man himself, and that for many hundred of centuries thereafter Africa was in the forefront of all world progress."

One can however see here quite clearly how the divide and rule philosophy can be utilized for the benefit of a malevolent individual or group of people. For example, Brochmann with a mere stroke of a malicious pen, places the Negro and the "Asiatic" in hostile opposition to each other. This betrays in no uncertain terms the usual Anglo-Saxon bias by inferring that since the "Asiatics" have been born into a monied economy, that this circumstance would then allegedly indicate superior/inferior standards, and must therefore necessitate a superior/inferior relationship between the two peoples. This is exactly the divisive method that the white man adopted wherever he has gone and met different peoples. He enslaved all, as black, Indian and Portuguese were indentured here, and began to arrange them in different gradations judging them at times, if not most times, from their shades of skin colour, type of hair—whether curly, kinky or straight, and by dimen-

sions of nose and mouth. And this type of gradation is still with us today, in that we have the "red man" feeling superior to the "brown man" and the "brown man" feeling superior to the "black man." It has gone further. It has gone to the extreme where the "black man" especially the more educated one, in order to "spare" his children certain "stigmas," then decides to marry that shade "lighter" or "clearer" than himself in order to "lift" the colour of the children and to make sure that among other things their hair comes out, if not straight, then wavy; but decidedly and hopefullp not knotty or bedecked with "black pepper grains". And this slavery-engineered inferiority and shame have not died, if anything they have and are growing with intensity, especially as more of us travel, get educated, and can uncover their existence.

I think it would be instructive to say a word or two on this "born into monied economy" business. As was intimated above too, none of us, whether Indian, Portuguese, Chinese, was born into any "monied economy" as such in these islands. For the Indentured labourers were brought in, when the Negroes were given their freedom, to work quickly abandoned plantations. They therefore took the place of the slaves on the plantations regardless of however modified was their status. And if the argument is raised that these new immigrants came from a certain tradition, we too, (Negroes) came from a rich background.

Most European views of African history and trade are very misleading. And this is dangerous and dysfunctional, more so as foreigners are coming to us as teachers and instructors. African nations traded since the eleventh century and before, when ancient Ghana and North Africa traded gold for salt across the great Sahara desert. And to refute the lie that there was no monied economy, and only barter in Africa, it must be told emphatically that cowrie shells from the Maldives Islands in the Indian Ocean were used as money since the thirteen century. Copper bracelets (manillas) brass rods, and iron bars were also circulated as media of exchange. But it was the European who preferred bartering with the Africans because this allowed him to over-value his cheaply manufactured goods from Europe. This pressure and the arrogance with it, wrought havoc with the African economy, and against which our African ancestors struggled. A valiant example of this struggle is epitomised in the life of King JaJa of Opobo in Nigera, who was exiled to St. Vincent 1885-1888, because of his tremendous business acumen, and his resistance against foreign exploitation.

And again to straighten out Brochmann's line of reasoning. She asks if the "small Vincentian Negro business man repays his bank loans." Now what prompted Brochmann to ask such question. Did her influential associates of the business, banking, commercial and mercantile community

inform her that these "little black boys" do not repay their loans? One is entitled to ask this question since Brochmann seems to know a lot, and hence it would not be surprising to learn that she did glean this particular bit of information from the influential circles while attending their various recreational activities. Just as in the days of slavery when party-conversations did not get beyond cotton, coffee, sugar and slaves, so today the talk at social functions seem to revolve around the perspiring colonial and "uppity negro" whose bank overdraft is long over due! But the answer to Brochmann's slanderous assertions is the ever present existence of small businessmen all over the island who have accomplished the astonishing feat of "not repaying their loans," but yet still keep operating!

Brochmann goes further by bringing "the clever Mr. Basil Balcombe" into the picture when she asks "... does the average small businessman do what clever Mr. Basil Balcombe has done? Does he repay his bank loans? Does he invest into his business?" Brochmann, you have fallen into the trap of parroting the half-truths you have been told. Cannot one suspect that you are bringing in Basil Balcombe a black large estate owner to artfully show that it is not only the near-whites who own large estates, but blacks too. Why are you giving Basil Balcombe the imperialist pat on the back? Don't you realise that you are practising the age-old imperialist policy of ranging people one against the other, however unsuspectingly? And must one say that ownership of large tracts of land, businesses and others of like nature if maintained and obtained by the exploitation which such appropriation entails, does not cancel out or make virtuous the possession of the same thing by whites, yellows, or what have you. This much should be clear. This "reasonable" demagoguery of Brochmann hiding under the cloak of rationality and objectivity is nothing short of treachery.

Brochmann's introduction of "the poor white Bajan, non-slave and non-black and suffering"—the residents of Dorsetshire Hill and elsewhere—is to sow confusion and cloud existing realities. These people, like the Indians, the Caribs, and the Portuguese have not as far as I know been subjugated by the majority inhabitants of this island; and the Dorsetshire Hill people and others of their ilk have not to my knowledge exhibited the superior-inferior relationships that have found expression especially in the lower middle, middle and upper strata of other ethnic groups and classes of our society. It would seem to me that the relationship ostensibly between the Dorsetshire Hill people and their also down-trodden black counterparts is indicative of what true race relationships should be like, and which relationships can only exist where there is no race-baiting; where there is a lack of definitive and deliberate hierarchical ordering of society into order-givers and order-takers, imparting the idea that a particular group of people are born or supposed to lead. I

would ask here also: how do the local and foreign white view their colour counterparts of Dorsetshire Hill? I bet they would not be caught dead associating with them!

Wilwright was making certain observations which are taboo in our fair island which has been guided by certain stereotyped ideologies that demand that ours is not to reason why. We are only to do and die. Hence Wilwright's questioning ran into those things which are regarded as the preserve of a certain set way and which have earned all such "presumptuous" questioners the full wrath of even their own people. This is understandable because of the customary and habitual way of thinking which can only be hardened by the subtlety of "reasonable" words by prized foreigners. Yet it must be said and, if possible, shouted from the roof tops that Wilwright was *not* advocating black supremacy. When he spoke of carnival queens it was to draw out his point and to drive it home. It would therefore be silly to believe that Wilwright or any person would want to practise black zionism in this island. So let us be vigilant in countering the cruel machinations of the confusers and intriguers among us.

We will have to realise from henceforth that the leadership of any important organisation and association should not be held by people who all their lives have been culturally orientated a certain way. The Afro-American freedom movements in the U. S. have learnt at great damage to themselves that their leadership must be pure, unadulterated, and unencumbered by suspect people. The young progressive majority inhabitants of the U. S. are seeing the necessity for the invocation of this principle. They are therefore making the necessary efforts to understand this, for in the process, their orientation must undergo a change which will and must lead them into that closer communion which is necessary for the thorough transformation of values so badly needed today.

It must be fully understood that people like Brochmann are not qualified to preach us moralistic homilies on race relations and other matters:

"Suppose all races and classes, such as Flambeau should be, were to form a positive policy, a strongly written policy that no one can call false names."

Can there be any strong policy that "no one can call false names?" Brochmann must first preach her homilies to the community from which she hails. We in these islands do not need to keep reiterating our dedication to the principles of world brotherhood, for our whole outlook and life are the continuous answers to any such queries.

We in St. Vincent need genuine, pure and unadulterated assistance. We do not need sympathy, paternalism and bossism. We are a modern and international people, and need no lecturing on the virtues of any system or philosophy. We want to be left alone to work out our own destinies in conjunction with all our people, and thinking and analysing our problems from an independent

premise. Let us be vigilant against wreckers and distorters like Brochmann.

ST. VINCENT: A SOCIO POLITICAL PERSPECTIVE

by CEDRIC HAROLD & KENNETH JOHN

The starting point for an understanding of the political system in St. Vincent must be a consideration of the society itself and the forces which have gone to mould this society.

The first fact of our society is its ethnic heterogeneity in which there is a large black majority, a small percentage of people of mixed ancestry, and a handful of Europeans and Indians. The second fact relates to the distribution of these ethnic groups in the society in terms of roles. Here we find that the proportion of the majority in lower status positions is not the same as their representation in positions of higher status that, in fact, they tend to be overrepresented below and under represented above. Correlatively, the upper ranks of the society tend to be dominated by a White minority group which is bolstered by the near-whites who are a result of racial cross-breeding.

The explanation for this lies in the well-known racial policies pursued by the English colonist the basic tenets of which were the racial superiority of the Whites, and later the system of colour prejudice whereby fairer offspring were better treated than darker ones; that is to say, greater opportunities were offered to the fairer ones to help them advance in the society. These principles were never hard and fast being tempered by all sorts of personality considerations but, when all is told, it remained a fact that a black skin was a distinct liability under the old dispensation.

Change came to the society in the twentieth century in ever quickening stages. To begin with, the White population was too small in relation to the higher jobs which therefore had to be filled by other elements in the population. Secondly, the coloured element was becoming an economic force, and since racial discrimination is more often than not a mere rationalisation of the economic status quo, the acquisition of wealth by the coloured man tended to destroy the easy classification of the society on the basis of colour. Finally, there was the First World War during which Vincentians saw service overseas and returned home burning with liberal ideas. It is apparent, too, that there was at the time a greater communication between the Vincentian and his West Indian neighbours resulting in the development of nationalistic and revolutionary ideas.

The race and colour theme which had full play during the slave and immediate post-slave

eras did not lose its force overnight but has lingered on and extended its influence right up to the present time. For our purposes we may simply note the attitudes firstly of the Whites, and latterly of the creoles towards the blacks. The former regarded the blacks as no better than their animals, and probably worse since prized animals and pets have very frequently been better housed and fed than estates labourers. When, strange enough, a White overlord went to bed with a black worker the creole offspring were indoctrinated to esteem their White ancestry and denigrate their negro connection. It developed that a fair skin stood for all that was progressive and of good report in the society, and these values were persistently hammered into the heads of the Negro underdogs who assimilated them fully with the passage of time. It was this acceptance by the early black Vincentians of a normative order that stressed his supposed inferiority that explains his otherwise puzzling lack of aggressiveness. Helpless and depressed, the Negro had accommodated himself to a situation he could neither control nor change.

After emancipation the position of the blacks was not entirely hopeless, but it was nearly so. When opportunities presented themselves for the advancement of the non-Whites in the community, the system of colour discrimination was put into practice. The favoured coloureds would emphasize their separateness from the black masses, dissociating from them on the one hand, and doing their best on the other hand to see that they did not "get fresh" and constitute a threat to their inherited positions. From the point of view of the blacks this meant that the only people from whom they could have taken pride and leadership rejected them leaving them to continue outside the pale of the society, fending as best they could for themselves. This is not to suggest that the class structure tied in neatly with the racial configuration. In fact, while the fair-skinned were undoubtedly prejudicially favoured, there existed no rigidly insurmountable barrier to the advancement of ambitious blacks. It was not a caste system. But to move upwards the black had to possess more than a fair share of brains, drive, cunning and luck. Thus, apart from the upper crust of society, there was no coincidence between the boundaries of class and those of colour, all the racial groups being represented in the hodge-podge that constituted the middle and lower classes.

Another warning we must issue is against the notion that there is any definitive boundary between the middle and lower classes. The upper stratum has been well delimited, but the rest of the society exhibits a gentle gradation from the lowest to the upper middle class segment. And while the blacks are in fact preponderant in the lowest and poorest segment, it

must be borne in mind that they are also very much in evidence among all sectors of the middle class. And though the Whites monopolise the apex of the society a considerable portion of their number—the poor Whites of Dorsetshirehill, Murray's Village, and the rest—must be categorized as lower class.

Perhaps the key to the situation may be gleaned from a consideration of the transmission of British colonial culture in the Vincentian community. The main ingredient of this culture was that the standards, values, and philosophy of life of the European settlers were regarded as paramount. This included among other things the often unexpressed desire among the fair creoles to maintain the fair complexion of their group in succeeding generations. It also encouraged a tendency among the darker hues to beget, often at any emotional price, fair-skinned off-spring. We may label this element the "White association complex", bearing in mind that its expression was to be found not only in respect of sexual relations but also in dress, in speech and other aspects of the folkways and mores.

The paramountcy of the British way of life was accepted in its entirety by all the Whites and creoles, as well as by the vast majority of blacks and other coloureds even though they could not, mostly for economic reasons, conform completely. In other words, defective performances apart, there was consensus in the society with respect to the pivotal role of White values and the worthlessness of anything emanating from black sources.

This state of affairs lasted until towards the end of the first half of the twentieth century. Up till then, and only punctuated by short fitful spells of introspection as when Marcus Garvey bestrode the international scene, Vincentians believed totally in the supremacy of White values. But with the rising tide of nationalism in emergent Africa and Asia together with the extension of association of the local negroes into the ranks of the educated and wealthy a drastic reappraisal of values and redefinition of the social situation took place. The society remained stratified, but the main elements in the new stratification were wealth and education. This does not mean that the notion of colour was eliminated, but it means that it was no longer the exclusive or determining factor. It meant that a negro of certain means and education could mix socially with whites or near-whites who had some education or wealth, albeit less than was necessary for his negro counterpart to display. But this new upward movement was confined to a few middle class folk and most of the lower-class negroes saw little change in their lot, only that they were now subservient to a rising class of negro elites instead of to the old traditional white and mulatto families. This was the sort of situation

that contained the seeds of social disruption that was revealed by the subsequent political history of St. Vincent.

The political history of St. Vincent can be traced from the Old Representative system of the 17th century, followed by Crown Colony rule, and then later a limited representational system which evolved into Adult Suffrage in 1951. The first was a period of very limited franchise in which the Whites were the first class citizens who alone had political rights. Under the pure Crown Colony system which lasted up to 1924 the government comprised mainly of elements who had some financial stake in the country, and who were handpicked by the Governor to ensure stable, orderly, if conservative Government. Looking after the country as such did not feature in their books, especially since they could afford to send their children to school in England and the welfare of the country meant largely the welfare of the outcast blacks. During the second quarter of the 20th century the franchise became less stringent with coloured folk getting the vote on the strength of educational and property qualifications. These however had begun to cut off from the black masses and regarded themselves for the most part as Black English counterparts, the much-talked-of Afro-Saxon.

It is therefore possible to use class distinctions as a basis for the demarcation of the socio-political history of St. Vincent into three eras. During the slave years and the period immediately after the history of the colony was the history of the White settlers, and in particular the wealthy landowners who comprised the upper class of that society. From the 1920's to the 1940's their position was gradually usurped by members of the middle class who occupied strategic positions in the economic and social structure. But it is crystal clear that the Upper class had only surrendered the outworks of its power in order to consolidate its strength in the economic citadel from where, though giving the impression of olympian aloofness, it has been able to direct the political destiny of the island by its strangle-hold over the economy.

We have seen that with the turn of the century the coloured middle class folk came into their own, seeking rights and privileges equal to the Whites. They had gained some economic power in the community and had imbibed much of the culture of the English, particularly as regards civil service skills. They were now given what they felt they were groomed and had qualified to receive—some measure of political power. But in the meantime a group of well-meaning Vincentians were stealing their play by developing a trade union movement which grew during the war years thus ushering in the third historical stage. The significant thing about this trade union movement was that its

beneficiaries were to be the lower classes—for the first time in the history of St. Vincent getting a fighting opportunity to live.

However the class element in the situation buffeted against the development of any ideological struggle because the conflict was not clearly between the workers on the one hand and the land-owning and exploiting capitalists on the other. Societal factors diverged the colonial working class community so that one set of workers dissociated themselves into pockets of self-styled superiority. The harmful effects of this is seen in the weakening of the Movement as a whole and the consequent distrust of the white-collared workers by the toiling masses. It has meant, too, that such benefits as accrue from the movement are monopolised by the working lower classes and, despite half-hearted attempts at organising, the Middle Class worker has been left largely powerless and voiceless in the struggle that has inevitably ensued. This lack of response from the white-collar workers was all that was necessary for the lower classes to feel a sense of unity, cohesion and common purpose, and this feeling was nurtured, unwittingly perhaps, by leaders from McIntosh to George Charles. With Joshua it was much more deliberate. For one thing by the time of his dramatic entry on the public stage the workers were recognizable as a distinct social entity and, for another, Joshua's tutelage under Butler had infused into him a sort of homespun Marxist orientation which thought almost exclusively in terms of class.

It is only by studying this class differentiation that one can understand the appeal which Joshua exercised on the lower class, and by recalling their numbers in the community that one can appreciate his political wisdom. Here at last was a man to speak for them—in their own language—on the political platform, the only platform that makes any sense in this day and age. He came to them when they were given the vote, they supported him, and he in turn directed all his policies towards keeping him in their good graces. Or so he appeared to do. Because the labouring working class recognised themselves as a social group in their own right, and because their interests differed from those of the other members of the society loosely called the Middle Class, social discordancy was inevitable. In the face of their unpreparedness if not arrogant self-confidence, and with Joshua calling the tune, there was no question as to who would triumph. In fact, to make sure that he would win, Joshua did his utmost to discredit the clergy, the plantocracy, the civil service and all those sectors of the community around whom leadership may have coagulated against him. Had there been any cohesion among these elements of the middle class or had they not alienated the support of their unfortunate brothers, they might have been able to rally

round in concert to resist the onslaught against them. Instead, in the beginning, they only became more than ever befuddled and, because Mr. Joshua is a convincing politician, more than ever divided.

The middle class in their effort to thwart the political gains of Joshua formed themselves into the St. Vincent Labour Party and were decisively rejected at the polls in 1957. Since that time it had become obvious to the leadership that the party needed to be democratised and to sport a Trade union arm. All through the 1960's the Labour Party has been able to develop a structured party organisation, replete with trade union support, branches and island-wide groups, and a women's league, all proselytising for membership. The result has been that the Labour Party has made serious inroads into Joshua's lower-class support. On the other hand, given the ambivalence of middle-class folk towards the successes of their own numbers, Joshua has been able to win away a considerable slice of middle-class support even while projecting the Labour Party as a middle-class party, which it has long ceased to be.

The PPP has remained the personal apparatus of Mr. Joshua. Whereas, for example, the Labour Party goes through the motions of selecting candidates by a democratic process Joshua merely names his choices on the grounds of political expediency. Neither party is ideological. They do not battle for men's minds, only for their votes, so that they mean different things to different people. That this is clearly the case can be seen from the fact that they are both supported by business interests as well as by the working-class; that the civil service and teaching profession are split in their support of the parties; and that politicians defecting from one have found welcome accommodation in the other. These observations have led a few thinking persons seriously to question the suitability of the two party system in a small backward country where hatreds and animosities are generated purely on the basis of party affiliation. Storm-in-a-teacup controversies and dog-in-the-manger fights are thus created at the expense of public welfare.

It still cannot be said with any meaningful measure of confidence that we have developed lasting political party forms in St. Vincent. The PPP hinges on the personality of Mr. Joshua and may very well not outlive him. The Labour Party is more efficiently organised but it houses some impossible bedfellows between its political shafts. And the day of the Independent is not really over for, in fact, there are a number of thinly-veiled Independents who perennially run on party tickets. The PPP is an electoral device pure and simple. An appetite for power alone keeps its members together. The Labour Party has better claims towards developing into a bona fide party, but a third

HOME SWEET HOME

By
AL T. DAISY

If
I could spit
In the face of Indifference,
And leave
My spittle for all to see
Till man is no more,
Then will I,
With pleasure cover her smug face.

Or
Drown her in an emetic sea.
For she
Has harnessed my island home
And put her to the yoke.

If
My vomit were not to bake
unnoticed
On the hot land that love me,
And awaits
My return with loving arms,
I will puke my life out
On her luxuriant deceit
And strangle Falsity
As she has done my island home
Where Truth lies

Non-existent

If
I could piss
The money to satisfy the lust of my island
Then will I
Let Neptune reign o'er a sea of coins
Till Greed flushes the toilet
And bids:
"Goodbye world."

If
I could spew forth
All these mixed
To wash the reigning queen
Madame Petty Jealousy,
And with faeces scrub her unrecognizable:
Then will I help my island home,
To be
God's re-incarnated Eden.

successive spell in the opposition might well reduce that party to ashes. An opportunity to form the Government may, of course, have the opposite effect in binding the party and, perhaps, forging a definitive ideological stamp on it. Meanwhile both groups are content to mark time and remain ideologically eclectic which probably accounts for their cross-sectional support of an electorate that is fragmented and confused. The resultant mystification of the political process is not calculated to attract the

involvement and emotional investment of the people which are essentials of true democratic Government. Further, this striking equivocalism in the long-term aims and objectives of the organisations and the consequent irrational schisms in the society have provided immense scope for the moneyed interest to work through the social cracks in the community and sap the strength of any mass-based party. The upshot of this is that the vested interest exercise a disproportionately telling political influence and tend always to constitute a de facto, though invisible, Government.

In the final analysis perhaps all that we may safely be permitted to say is that the political situation in St. Vincent is not amenable to scientific study in the sense that it is still in a state of flux with an intractable number of floating variables. As a rider we will add the further observation that the confused state of political affairs seems to be an accurate reflection of the malaise which stricken the society itself as manifested in its structure, its values and its goals.

OBSTACLES TO ECONOMIC GROWTH

BY ARNIM EUSTACE

Statisticians have verified the fact that two-thirds of the world's income go to one-sixth of the world's population, while at the other extreme, two-thirds of the world's population receive one-sixth of the world's income. The latter half of the statement refers to the world's so-called underdeveloped countries; the former to the developed areas of the world. We belong to the underdeveloped group. Why this discrepancy in the distribution of income on a global basis? Is it because of the colonialist and imperialist tendencies of the now so-called affluent societies? Or is it that our people are lazy? Or perhaps we lack capital, or skilled labour or natural resources, or all three? Behind all these questions one thing is very evident, and that is we have awakened from our lethargic slumber. This was not the gentle awakening that the legendary sleeping beauty had. It was something far more startling; we became aware for the first time in centuries of the now obvious discrepancy in the relative standards of living between the developed and underdeveloped worlds.

We are now wide awake. We want our standard of living to be on a par with the developed areas of the world. We want to derive the benefits of healthy economic growth. But such desires when stated are deceptively simple, for there are numerous obstacles to be overcome. And it is precisely with these obstacles that this paper is concerned.

The problems of economic development vary from region to region. But ultimately the development of any country depends on four basic elements, natural resources, population, capital, and knowledge or technology.

One of the main obstacles to the economic growth of an underdeveloped country is its political dependence on another more developed country. Indeed the effect of political domination is that a kind of division of labour is established. But that is not the whole story; this division of labour is always advantageous to the dominant country. More and more, the dominant country specializes in the more lucrative pursuits, while the dominated country is generally limited to activities which yield poor returns, such as agriculture and extractive industries. Political dependence as an obstacle to growth in the underdeveloped countries of the world is not a matter to be treated lightly, it has to be tackled immediately and be defeated if we are to grow. Planning for development while under domination is merely an illusion.

Besides political, there is economic dependence on a foreign power. This dependence on the part of the underdeveloped country can be detected in the nature of the foreign trade. Most underdeveloped countries are exporters of raw materials and importers of manufactured goods. Hence we are bound to be economically dependent on another country and have a low standard of living. Also, our countries are largely one-crop economies, or we produce very few products for home consumption.

The dependent country is thus powerless in the hands of the country to whom it sells the greater part of its exports. The price paid for these products are generally so low that our people are only able to receive subsistence wages, live in miserable conditions and are hard put to maintain normal working energy. International agreements on prices have done very little if anything at all for us, because these prices are usually set by the big industrial powers who are usually the buyers of the very products for which they are setting the prices.

Some may argue that certain of our primary products do fetch high prices. But again, what good does that do us, since these are usually produced by foreign investors who export the profits to the dominant country. Such investments do not, and were not intended to contribute to our development. Since the profits are not kept in our country, a large part of our earnings from the export sector are used to meet the payments of profits earned by foreign capital. The extent to which this situation adversely affects the underdeveloped world and benefits the developed areas can be seen by looking at a particular case.

In its January issue (1958), the American magazine "Fortune" pointed out that apart from the export of goods and services from the territory of the U.S.A. which reached a figure

of twenty thousand million dollars in 1957, there were in the same year 32 (thirty-two) thousand million dollars of American sales realized by the 2,500 subsidiaries of American firms established abroad. No comment is needed here except that I note the name of the magazine is most appropriate.

It is true that in certain cases foreign investments can encourage national investment and can be the starting point of some genuine development. But this is the exception rather than the rule. Such investments generally play a negative role. They encourage supplementary drainage of money earnings through the transfer of profits and even through the wages and salaries paid to foreign engineers and technicians employed by these companies.

Carrying their exploitation a little further the companies formed by foreign capital, systematically limit themselves to the supply of the home market in many cases. This is to ensure that they do not compete with companies formed by the same capital, in other countries.

Thus far, I have looked at two ponderous obstacles to the economic growth in underdeveloped countries. These are political and economic dependence on dominant nations. If our countries are to progress, these two obstacles have to be tackled at the outset by our leaders.

We have to rid our lands of exploiters. I am not against foreign investments *per se*. But when these investments play a negative role in the development of our countries they should be nationalized. The question then arises, is this going to be nationalization with or without compensation? This then becomes a function of the degree of drainage of funds inflicted on our economy in the past by the companies in question. It is also a function of the ideologies and temperament of our leaders. But first we must acquire our independence from the colonialist and imperialist powers. Without this independence it would have been better if we had continued in our lethargic slumber previously alluded to.

For the purposes of this essay, I would like to divide the obstacles to growth into two groups. The first set with which I have dealt are external. I shall now look at what I call the internal obstacles.

Many economists consider lack of capital as the chief internal obstacle to economic growth. They maintain that this obstacle can only be overcome by appealing for foreign capital. Lack of key personnel animated with a real desire or capacity to develop the country is added to lack of capital in order to explain not only the present state of underdevelopment but also economic stagnation or slowness of present growth.

As a result of the low productivity of labour in underdeveloped countries, incomes are low, hence savings are very small. This meagre amount of saving limits the volume of investments which in turn restricts incomes. Here

we have what some economists call the "vicious circle". Low productivity—Low income—Little saving—Small volume of investment—and back to low productivity.

The problem of our people is thus to increase capital—how is this to be done? Assuming that we have attained our political and economic independence, that is, we are now in a position to plan for healthy economic growth, shall we (bearing in mind the vicious circle argument) bring in foreign capital and thus bring back the very external obstacles which we had just expelled? Gunnar Myrdal in his brilliant book "Economic Theory and Underdeveloped Regions," strongly advocates the vicious circle argument. Professor Myrdal was the victim in 1958 of a vicious attack for his stand in regard to the vicious circle argument and his solution to this argument, that is, encouragement of foreign capital. The attacker was Charles Bettelheim, Director of studies at the Institute des Hautes Etudes, Paris. He does not accept the inevitability of the "vicious circle", and hence the need to encourage foreign capital as the immediate solution. Bettelheim is expressed briefly as follows: the most effective means of production is not necessarily the most costly. In other words, it is possible without additional expense to improve our labour productivity considerably—thus breaking the vicious circle. This paper does not permit me to go further with this view as it is concerned with the obstacles to growth and not their solutions. But suffice it to say that the Chinese have increased their agricultural production 4.5% per annum since 1953 by this method. Some countries resort to forced saving. This in itself may pose another obstacle, since it may mean that the people still will have no incentive to increase their productivity, for example, the Soviet Union is faced with this problem at the moment in its agricultural and industrial sectors.

Lack of key personnel has also contributed to our present underdeveloped state and it is one of the obstacles to growth. It is not surprising that we should suffer with this problem. In countries which were once politically dependent, or are still under the colonial yoke, most of the key personnel come from the dominant country. With regard to rapid training of political and administrative personnel, this obstacle is readily surmountable. Once we knock down the old social barriers that restrict the recruitment of key personnel to a strictly limited circle, we find that a great number of men emerge who are capable of taking the initiative and assuming responsibility.

I shall now proceed to spend a little time on population expansion as an obstacle to growth. Up to about 1900, the different countries of the world varied little in population structure. Heavy mortality combined with a high birth rate produced at best a moderate growth. But this does not hold good today. The developed countries through the improvement of medical facilities and certain methods of birth control (e.g. legal abortion in Japan) have maintained a fairly moderate growth

despite the fall in the death rate and the stability of the birth rate.

But the underdeveloped countries have been either late or reluctant or unable to follow the same procedure. While improved medical facilities and better sanitation methods have resulted in a fall in the death rate from approximately 45 per thousand to 15 per thousand, there has been, unlike the developed areas, an enormous increase in population. The reason for this is our reluctance to resort to birth control.

It has been estimated that it took the world approximately from 1 A.D. to 1750 A.D. to double its numbers. At our present pace this feat will be accomplished in 40 years. Also if this pace is maintained in 600 years, it has been estimated that one square yard of land surface will be available per person. The phrase "standing room only" thus takes on an interesting, but ominous connotation.

High population density in some parts of Africa and the West Indies (Barbados) and in most developing areas readily suggest over-population. A readily expanding population has to support an increasing "demographic burden" which may absorb an excessive part of national production (both in consumer goods and human investment) to the point of making impossible the proper use of resources necessary to development. But despite this, no underdeveloped country has been able to effectively slow down its birth rate.

Japan has been most successful in doing just that. There, abortion has been legalized. This has brought a 50% reduction in the birth rate in ten short years. In 1955, there were 1,170,000 abortions compared with 1,727,000 live births. The encouragement of contraception by propaganda, and a wide-spread distribution of contraceptives had proved futile, hence the recourse to abortions. Bearing in mind the depth of religious feelings in the underdeveloped world, I cannot see them as willing or ready to accept such a proposal. Thus the population problem remains to threaten us. The danger is that such capital as is accumulated, may simply go into spreading a larger quantity of tools over a larger number of people without actually raising per capita productivity. This problem is likely to continue, because death rates in our countries are still high relative to the economically advanced countries, and are likely to fall appreciably in the future. Furthermore, the increase in population is all the more serious in the underdeveloped countries where population is already dense in relation to land and other resources. In some extreme cases such as Java and Barbados, there are well over 1,000 persons per square mile. Under such circumstances, population pressure is not a stimulant to development as was the case in the U.S.A. but an obstacle or depressant. Because of lack of industrial capital, the growing labour force cannot find work in the city, hence adds itself to the already congested rural areas. Hence diminishing returns quickly take over. The number of workers on the land is already so great that the

added labour brings no addition to production at all. The additional "hands" may seem to be working, but in fact they can be removed and the production will not be affected at all. This is called disguised unemployment and it is one of the symptoms of the deep population problems faced by our areas of the world.

Lack of facilities for education of the majority of our population is another serious obstacle to growth. It is education that moved us from our apathetic state, but much still is needed. Educating a people is not easy. It is possible to estimate the cost of constructing schools etc. But what about teachers without which the schools are useless? We can hardly find one-tenth of the teachers we need from among our own people due to the small size of the educated part of the population from whose ranks teachers are drawn. The issue is further complicated by the relatively large proportion of the people to be educated in underdeveloped countries. This is just one part of the story. There is the immediate need to reach the adults and provide them with the level of culture and technical education necessary to raise the economic level of our countries to the standards made possible by modern technology. That is why lack of education and educational facilities is an obstacle to growth. An educated and skilled labour force is of dire need to meet the requirements of modern technology and hence of industrialization leading to economic development.

Another obstacle to growth is our haste to adopt Western technology. Advanced Western technology, and in some cases Eastern technology, is by no means ideally suited to the conditions of the typical underdeveloped country. This technology has evolved along lines appropriate to the conditions of the country which created it. It utilizes relatively little labour and a great deal of capital, and depends on its operations on a reservoir of skilled labour and technically trained personnel. This is the exact contrast of the conditions in our parts of the world where labour is abundant or super-abundant, where capital is extremely scarce, and where there is an acute shortage of skilled labour and management.

Ideally the underdeveloped world would employ a technology which is neither the technology (Western) of a century ago, (which is defective) nor the most Western technology, (which is adapted to a different kind of economic context), but a third type of technology which consists of the adaptation of modern methods to the special conditions of the underdeveloped world. But this technology is a dream rather than a reality. Failing realization of this, the underdeveloped world has tried to import the latest western methods, with the consequence that it faces acute shortages in certain areas, capital and trained personnel, while it has idle surpluses, such as large numbers of unemployed unskilled workers.

Lack of natural resources may be an obstacle to growth, but fortunately "lack of natural resources"

is not a feature of the underdeveloped world. But we are unable to develop these resources in many instances due to lack of capital, equipment and technical "know-how". But here again, foreign capital comes in and sucks the lifeblood of our country like the mythical "haig". I shall not go into this again, but it just reinforces a point I made earlier, that where foreign capital plays a negative role in our development, it must be stopped by whatever means possible.

Social factors have impeded economic growth in some regions. Social stratification based on land ownership has enabled the landlords to enjoy privileges at the expense of the peasants. This is an off-shoot of colonialism and can be very easily detected in the West Indies. These landowners are not concerned with the economic development of the countries, but they have a vested interest in maintaining the present position. As long as they can continue their exploitation of the poor peasants and they themselves live in comparative luxury, just so long will they be opposed to any ideas that threaten their position.

Social and religious attitudes toward work has been an obstacle to growth in underdeveloped areas. The upper echelons of society looks upon work as a sort of badge of inferiority. Hence much talent which might otherwise have been used to help promote economic development goes down the drain. The lower classes lack the incentive necessary for them to increase per capita output; and often they have a fatalistic attitude towards life (endorsed by religious philosophy) which does not permit them to think in terms of possible change. The refusal of a particular group to have anything to do with another religious group has also tended to be a hindrance to growth as in India.

This paper does not pretend to cover all or even half of the obstacles to economic growth. But I think I have touched on the main issues, and brought to light the fact that the task to be undertaken by us of the underdeveloped areas, is enormous. Firstly, wherever it still belabours us, we must free ourselves from the colonial yoke. The colonialists are not and were never interested in our development, unless it is of benefit to them. As the Prime Minister of Independent Trinidad and Tobago pointed out in his book "Capitalism and Slavery," "as soon as the British West Indies became negligible to British Capitalism they were ready to free the slaves, but where other colonies in the east and on the mainland were still fruitful, 'the Mother Country' still retained the institution of slavery." In pointing out "the great interest" that the colonialists showed in the Congo, President Kwame Nkrumah pointed out in his book "I speak of Freedom" that after 75 years of colonial rule, only one Congolese student had the benefit of a University education. Thus we must get our political independence.

Having attained this, we shall begin to reorganise our economies. We shall have to diversify our agriculture and industry in order to get rid of

economic dependence. We shall then and only then be in a position to solve the numerous obstacles with which we are faced.

We of the underdeveloped world, cover an immense area. We have the manpower and also contain strategic points controlling lines of communication. Raw materials such as petroleum, bauxite and iron are abundant; and what is more the developed world are buyers of these raw materials, and we are buyers of manufactured goods. The two Power Blocs are aware of the advantages to be derived if they could gain our friendship. This explains the frenzy of aid and assistance being thrown at us. Fear is perhaps after all as efficient a motive force of economy as the lure of profit. Sordid self interests mingled with displays of good intentions indicate to us the underdeveloped nations, the road to follow. We know these outward displays to be a camouflage of necessity. We know it to be a means to an end that is not ours. We are not going to refuse all aid, neither are we going to accept every proposal as a decisive fact. The days of meek acceptance of what "Mother England" or "Uncle Sam" or "The Iron Curtain" have had to say are no more, because we are now awake.

IDEOLOGICAL SANITY

By

CEDRIC B. HAROLD

We live in a world of words which we create and which we claim to use as our tools. And yet, quite perplexingly, we often allow ourselves to be used by them. Having applied them epithetically to objects we proceed to colour them with whatever emotional ink happens to attach at the time to those objects, so that we react long afterwards in terms of accidental and past attitudes. This is most marked where very large numbers of people agree on the specific charge to be given to a particular word; and the effect is heightened where the same word carries a contrasting emotional significance to some other large number of people. The concepts which have the widest following, because they split the mass of humanity into fewer groupings, are racial and ideological. Racial epithets are no longer, if they ever were, descriptive, but connotative and divisive, and the same is true of ideological terms which are here our primary concern.

The three major ideological labels are capitalist, socialist and communist, with the last two so closely connected that they are often confused. Communism is very much a bogey word: it is idealistic and cannot accurately be applied to any known state. The distinction drawn between Western states which practise socialism and their Eastern European counterparts is based on the

degree to which the public sector in the national economy has supplanted the private sector, and not in any radical departure which warrants the use of the word communist. It will for this reason be ignored in the ensuing discussion.

The proximate ground of ideologies are scarcity and insatiable greed—the classical economic problem. Its resolution is also largely economic, but at this juncture the boundaries of the intellectual disciplines cease to exist. The systems of production and distribution propounded impinge radically on social structure and organisation and make demands on political, religious and other cultural aspects, all of which give to ideologies their packaged appearance. We see at the outset that they start from the same ecological conditions and have identical aspirations. Why is it then that capitalism is a dirty word in Russia and communism a dirty word in America?

It is not proposed to answer this question here. There are many answers to it, depending on the approach one adopts; but the aim of this article is to encourage rational consideration on a local level of what ought to be the content—not the label—of a West Indian ideological model.

It has happened in St. Vincent that a politician has been asked to declare publicly whether he is a communist or not; Dr. Jagan in Guyana has come under the same fire; and in Jamaica only recently the PNP Opposition found itself having to deny that its label is communist. These questions are not asked to elicit information! All the relevant facts are known long in advance. Their force is condemnatory. For a man to declare himself an adherent of an alien ideology is tantamount to an admission of anti-national ideals and aspirations. The peculiar thing is this; in so far as these men are truly national, in so far as they have their entire being in the local situation, they cannot give a clear-cut answer to this question. What is demanded is a word that will hang him, but the only applicable words are neutral and emotionally meaningless. Indeed there are no words but only a string of propositions which the accused in question is convinced will contribute to his people's welfare. It is uncanny how necessary it is to have a word for an object before one is allowed to judge it.

What is especially disquieting to the thoughtful citizen is the unfairness with which the inquisitions are conducted. A capitalist in the Western camp, is one who has faith in the proven virtues of capitalism, and who views its weaknesses as of small moment. To these same people a socialist is to be identified exclusively with the shortcomings of socialism, any good in the system being either ignored, or, at best, discounted. On the other hand, the socialist claimed that their influence has modified capitalism into producing better working and living conditions for all is only partially true: both capitalism and socialism operate under a banner of growing humanitarianism, which is the true provenance of so-called socialist legislation.

The font of social ills in theoretical capitalism is to be found in the superordinate place in which capital and the ownership of it are held. Not the liberty of the individual but the freedom of the owners of capital is fundamental to the system, and it produces the sort of inequalities which make some men to be the serfs of others. Feudalism was capitalism when land was the major productive resource; it became transformed and had its name changed after capital as a separate factor came into prominence. The economic base was altered and a new propertied class arose: what remained the same was the social division in those with special privileges having power over those without.

The socialist thesis is that this discrepancy can be overcome by state-ownership of the means of production so that power is abstracted from any caste group and placed, so the saying goes, into the hands of everybody. Actually all that it has achieved so far is the creation of a new basis of privilege predicated on ideological orthodoxy. In Russia, the desire to take power out of the hands of interest groups has resulted in the concentration of all power into the hands of a monolithic institution which is judge, jury and executioner—hardly the most humane answer to the inhuman use of power. The Russian and Chinese systems are totalitarian in their institutions, but their vaunted socialism is purely mythological.

The sanctity of capital is, as had been said above, the distinguishing feature of capitalism. Socialism, bred out of disillusionment with capitalism, attempts to restore the preordination of the brotherhood of man. It fails, and every historical precedent points to its continued failure, because men have never lived in brotherly unity—at least, not the variety that dreamers often imagine. Men have always been dishearteningly individualistic, and will continue, despite the best designs of socio-economic planners, to be this way. This is why socialism in practice has to be so doctrinaire and hence, so unrealistic. The sanctity of capital has been supplanted, by the sanctity of a formal set of ideas, and its owners are the only ones entitled to hold sway in the socialist order. What is needed in the West Indies, and indeed throughout the world, is an ideology which is not doctrinaire; which relates always to human meditation and is capable of evolutionary development. Words and institutions have an unhappy manner of getting out of hand. In actual fact, it is not they that change; men and the times change, but the institutions are eternal. As Veblen remarked, institutions are set up to meet pre-existing conditions, but their very presence alters the situation they were designed to correct, calling for ever newer responses. Societies fail when they elicit no new responses.

The above should suffice to show how far removed practical realities are from theoretical lucubrations. The question to be asked of any social reformer is not which label he wears but

how appropriate are his proposals. Once we can develop an open mind on major issues and weigh statements on rational grounds it would be possible for any individual to put forward proposals without risking charges of treason or heresy. This would mean that any given proposition will not be thrown out because it smacks of an alien label but considered in the light of existing configurations and modified or discarded only if they are either irrelevant or too drastic. Drastic reforms are to be abhorred because they disturb equilibria faster than accommodations to the new levels can be made.

It is worth while to know the point of divergence between the American and British flirtations with capitalism. America is a vast country and in the hey-day of pure or free-enterprise capitalism there was no hindrance to a man pulling up his roots when he was not satisfied and going elsewhere. Capitalism flourished, but sensitive souls were not straight-jacketed into serfdom. Land was free to those who had a pioneering spirit, so that non-conformity carried no hard penalty, nor was there any pressure on the capitalist order to humanise its prescriptions.

The position was different in Britain where population had outstripped its available resources. The immediate effect of unbridled capitalistic growth was widespread and unmitigated human suffering. The new order enforced conformity, and, being inadequate to the needs of all, anxiety and privation were endemic. Hence the early growth in Britain of humanitarian movements and what has later been identified with socialist ideology. It was not any racial genius or brilliance that helped the British to overcome these conditions; it was the extent and duration of dissatisfactions which even those at the helm could no longer stomach, and which those below were not any longer prepared to endure.

Their different situations have resulted in a far-reaching body of social welfare legislation in Britain; while in the U.S.A. we have witnessed a fantastic ideological battle over the Tennessee Valley Authority proposals, and more recently over President Johnson's Medicare Bill. The contribution of T.V.A. is now unquestioned, but it was opposed purely on the ground that it was inconsistent with the capitalist ideology. No doubt the same sort of unrealism was evident when the Russians decided to introduce the profit motif into Soviet industries. The significance of this to the West Indies is the lesson it teaches in terms of the relation between realism and ideologies; where the realities speak out ideology must be silenced and be made to accept even that which is inconsistent with it. This being the case it is nonsensical to oppose reforms which appear to be taken from a contrasting ideology. At times and on an individual level opposition is symptomatic of intellec-

tual pride—the ability of some one to recognise that such and such a proposal is of socialist or of capitalist provenance; and, given whichever political situation prevails, all he needs to do is to exaggerate his charges and multiply them in the certainty of arousing some emotional reaction.

The promise of socialism to the West Indian mind is a new world in which dependence on the owners of capital and land is a thing of the past; in which class interests are replaced by something more fundamentally human; and where the art of government and politics is not any more how to rule, but how to maintain and develop a framework within which people with essentially human interests can live. The practice of socialism across the Atlantic has not anywhere lived up to expectations. What is especially debilitating is that the great socialist introspections, their analyses and recommendations for reform, are not available for our study; so that while we learn the theory of, or, as is more commonly the case, the propagandist catch-phrases, we are blissfully unaware of the pitfalls and what has been tried to correct them. The danger then is that our pursuit of the above aspirations can easily be turned away into the blind alleys of socialist dogma merely because of a dependence on the word socialism. Hope for the future must therefore be, not the pursuit of socialism, but of those things to which our people aspire. Identity of ends does not guarantee identity of means, and in this case we are not even knowledgeable as to the means.

Our society awaits the codification and designation by a name of these aspirations as a preliminary to reaching out for them. There are many examples before us; the Egyptians have preferred to retain the word socialism; K. Nkrumah invented "conscientism," while the original American scholar Eric Fromm has offered "communitarian socialism," partly to distinguish it from totalitarian or bureaucratic socialism. Finally there are documented accounts of attempts to live a life which resembles what we are after dating from the Co-operative exercises of 19th century France and England, through the experiments by Alfred Noyes and others in U.S.A., to further French and Italian attempts still in progress. They have largely been a history of failures, but out of them can come new knowledge which could surely prove beneficial.

THE SCHOOL AND THE COMMUNITY

By CLAUDON FRASER

In many instances we come face to face with the task to decide what the word "community" means. Almost invariably we tend to associate one or more

groups of workers as "Community helpers," while we accept the efforts of the rest as a mere matter of course. For example, the policeman is often looked upon as the monster who sets out to paint the label of crime on others; the Public Health Inspector as the stumbling block in the butchers' road to financial bliss, as well as the active machine of a supposed repressive Housing Authority. Needless to say, the teacher's only function is to create Einsteins out of every child who is committed to his charge; and, especially in the rural districts, the good qualities of a teacher are determined only by the number of examinations which his pupils may or may not pass.

With a bit more careful thought, we can, according to my way of thinking, be able to see the various workers in the social field, as well as those in the technical and scientific, forming one large body, resembling somewhat the worker-bees in a hive.

Everyone is acquainted with the term "school"; it conveys to the mind any institution where knowledge is obtained regardless of how small or great the amount may be. The Community is the human environment, the people among whom the influence of the school spreads. It is the human climate in which the school operates, a citizenry that is not a loose gathering of atomised individuals, but a group of people who are knitted and welded together by some social cohesive band. However, it must not be believed that there is an invisible hand which co-ordinates the efforts of the various individuals, so that if each does his bit without thought of the others there would be this spontaneous co-ordination and cohesion. It is from this point of view that I want to outline the means whereby the school may so operate in collaboration with other organisations in order to fit itself for the performance of a positive role in the community.

The three aspects of school life, according to A. G. Hughes are (i) the curriculum, (ii) extra-curricular or out-of-school activities and (iii) human relations. Looking back at earlier civilizations, or even at the patterns followed by earlier societies of Western European civilization, we observe quite readily that more often than not these three aspects were never outlined in their educational policies. The Jewish boy was "brought up at the foot" of one of the Rabbis where he learnt the law and the prophets. In ancient Greece the Spartan was trained for the army, while the Athenian became versed in the classics. Much closer to our own time, we learn of Mediaeval England with the various Craft Guilds in which her youngsters were trained to build or to weave as the case might be. We see, therefore, that in some way or other the needs of the community were being met out of the general plan of training. In fact the community's needs really dictated the particular educational policy.

The various changes in the political, economic and social spheres of life have brought with them new problems which never existed in earlier generations; and it is to these new problems coupled

with those already existing that we have to address our thoughts if we must satisfy all these aspects of school life.

Man is a gregarious animal, that is, he must form himself into groups, and in many instances we find him benefiting from his linking himself with his fellows. But though he may have some interests and aspirations common to those of his fellows, he certainly possesses others which are different from theirs and in fact peculiar to him as an individual. Therefore, if these natural tendencies are to remain untended, chaos must result and reign in the community; and to avoid this, efforts must be made to reconcile the wishes of the individual with those of his fellows. In other words a true community spirit must be developed. "The good community", says one writer, "is a democratic community in which everyone is free to participate freely, and on terms of equal status in projects of joint concern to him and his associates."

In any socially healthy community the school acts as the hub around which every other thing spins, and it is therefore requisite that the image of the school and its teachers be properly projected to the searching eyes of the community. The teacher must set a good example to the general public by his conduct, appearance and deportment. In fact his general attitude must reflect his profession and his community. This responsibility does not rest with the teacher alone; much rests with those responsible for the administration of the school, as the part played by them can promote or not promote the proper image of the teacher in the community. A teacher who is not respected by his employers has a very slim chance of winning the respect of his community. In many instances teachers are sent to work in remote areas without the slightest bit of convenience provided for them; consequently, they are forced to lead sub-standard existence. Poor housing, lack of almost all domestic facilities, all tend to bring them down below the social level of his more fortunate counterparts in other avenues of state employment. As a result the public esteem for teachers is relatively low, and there is little appreciation of their community activities whether in or out of the school. If, on the other hand, the teacher is made free from all grouse, he enjoys that sense of security and so gives of his best. There is a freer atmosphere in which he can join with other community workers in creating a well-ordered, harmonious society.

In developing such a community the school must play a major role. Not only must children be taught the technicalities of language and mathematics, but the social sciences must be so well presented as to bring out the humanistic side of them. In some countries of the world there are special schools charged with the task of Community Development, for example there are the Community Schools in the Philippines, the Basic Schools in India apart from what can be termed Traditional Schools. Perhaps much can be said in favour of those special schools in the countries mentioned,

due to their social set-up; but I venture to state that the job can be accomplished by our schools with only a few minor modifications. In order to create the "good community", the school should be so organised as to give adequate freedom to the pupils; but the teacher must bear in mind that neither children nor adults can really enjoy freedom until they have learnt to accept the responsibilities of freedom. However, the more likely they are to develop and maintain a free and satisfying community life when they grow up.

It may be argued that enough is being done in our schools to that end. Moreover, there are numerous textbooks about the development of character, leadership, citizenship etc in our school libraries. But textbooks in themselves can only assist people to pass examinations, while we learn to live from example and actual experience. If the teacher merely puts the facts to his class he is depriving the youngsters of that privilege to learn to live. He must make every effort to relate the new experience where possible to those in the pupils' environment, and should point out where one affects the other. In other words, he must so make his lesson live that they serve the desired end; that is, creating worthy citizens.

However, in many instances the teacher finds that his plans for community development are frustrated, because he does not receive the co-operation of all concerned, including parents; and this may lead him to withdraw himself from the subject completely. If, on the other hand, the effort is organised on a larger scale, the teacher may ally himself with other community development workers in order that grown-ups and children can be introduced simultaneously to the new ideas. Therefore in organising community work in the schools there are three major points which must be borne in mind:—

- (i) the teacher cannot effectively educate the children for community life if his purposes and those of the community conflict; rather, the successful education of the children depends on the successful education of their parents together with the rest of the adult community.
- (ii) the teacher cannot effectively educate either children or adults if he is held primarily responsible for educating both.
- (iii) although he should be relieved of the major responsibility for educating adults, he can nevertheless give other community education workers very useful help.

These points provide a sound and practicable basis for working out a policy which neither sacrifices the educational interests of the children nor arouses the antagonism of their parents, nor hopelessly overloads the teacher. And being freed from the primary responsibility for the community education of adults, the teacher is free to think of the children first and to choose the curriculum and teaching methods which meet their needs best.

One important fact that needs special mention is

NINE MORNINGS

By SID WALL

Beat the pan
Beat the pan
Day light ah come; sky pink like ruccu
Beat the pan.

Is las' lap this morning
'Cause Christmas is coming
More chicken and roast-pork, sorrell beer and
black cake,
Beat the pan.

Last year road-march
still sweet fo' so
Been to a wake last night and still have
strength for more
Beat the pan.

Music in me blood
And rhythm in me bones
Ah could drop dead tomorrow so let
me fete like mad
Beat the pan.

that no amount of force brought to bear on the teacher or any other community worker can produce the desired result. The worker must first be convinced that what he is expected to do is worthwhile and purposeful; and the first means of achieving this prerequisite is proper training. Secondly, authority must be decentralized as far as possible as, for example, allowing a reasonably free hand in designing syllabuses to suit the particular needs of his community. Thirdly—and this comes as a corollary to the second—the emphasis on examinations should be suitably modified.

Consequently, the Training Colleges must be so geared as to (a) train the teacher in what to teach and how to teach it, (b) show him how to develop initiative, leadership, and socially responsible attitudes among children and (c) give him some kind of experience of community work among adults. Moreover, the more teachers-in-training are given responsibility in college societies and activities generally, without more than remote control from the staff, the better will they be able to understand the principles of self-help and co-operative efforts for the community.

After all the necessary prerequisites have been obtained, there remains the last hurdle to surmount—people are naturally averse to change; and the idea that the school can act as an important agent in community development is not readily accepted. This is because many

educational administrators, teachers, and others believe that the proposed new purposes for the school will adversely affect its existing work, and they sometimes doubt whether the school can effectively undertake them. It is therefore essential that in the construction of the curriculum, a proper balance be observed so as to satisfy the needs of the learner, not only for easy adjustment to his community, but also for his intelligent participation in national and international affairs.

To sum up permit me to state that the ultimate objective of education for community development is not only a balanced and integrated personality but a wholesome and harmonious society. In the development of such a society, the school becomes an instrument of social and economic change, and the teachers and bigger pupils play a large and effective part in programmes of social and economic welfare.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The following article was written for *Flan-beau* by Miss Jean Norris, a teacher of English and Journalism at North Carolina College, Durham, North Carolina, U.S.A. She spent five weeks in St. Vincent in June and July 1966 in connection with work for the Baha'i World Faith. The article reflects some of her observations and her views on certain social changes in America.

REFLECTIONS ON RACE RELATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

By JEAN NORRIS

When one reflects on evolving race relations in the United States over the last few years he sees a panorama of conflicts and their resolution, of revolutionary changes tearing away the fibres of well established traditions, of racial bitterness, and of a growing respect for individuals on the bases of talents and skills. As a special article on the Negro revolution in an issue of *Newsweek* magazine stated in 1963, no revolution is tidy. The same publication noted that the term "revolution" is rather loosely used when referring to the current social struggles in America, for the Negro is not striving to overthrow an existing regime but rather to become integrated into the national mainstream from which he largely has been excluded, and the means of getting into that mainstream are many and sometimes at variance in method.

Explosive changes in human affairs historically have been marked by conflicts in personalities, methods, and purposes; but when studied in perspective the various occurrences have led, nearly always, to the opening of new vistas in human relations, to the birth of new awarenesses and to the death of stagnant traditions. Such has been the case in the accelerated

changes in America that have effected every aspect of the national life, from the legal through the educational, political, economic, literary, social, and all other facets of living and creating.

Not unlike the breaking of the shackles of colonialism on various islands and in Asia, Africa, and South America, the conflicts in the United States are deeply rooted and variegated. Rooted, as in the West Indies, in years of suppression under a system of slavery, generally the Negro had outwardly accepted through the first half of the twentieth century, the pattern of segregation that grew after the period of Reconstruction, but the growing inner resentment and bitterness were like a smouldering fire kindled gradually by his observations of an increasingly booming society in which his role was less than vital, and sparked within the last twenty years by his identification with the dark peoples of Asia and Africa in their assertion for independent rule.

For years before the 1954 U. S. Supreme Court decision on school desegregation, the legal staff of the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People and the Urban League had persistently worked to improve the lot of the Negro, as in the integration of various state colleges, and in work in slum areas. But in spite of the efforts of these organizations and the journalistic outburst in the Negro press against injustices, the Negroes of the nation remained largely immobilized as a social force. It was not until the 1954 Supreme Court ruling that the schools of the nation should be integrated "with all deliberate speed" that a far-reaching impetus came, and not until the 1957 Montgomery, Alabama bus boycott that a unifying force emerged. As a few Negro parents sent their children into formerly all-white schools to test the strength of the new law and to open doors for the masses of Negro children, the coloured people of the nation and others dedicated to justice became allied in sympathy with the audacious elementary and high school students in this their pioneering experience. The walls of hate and intimidation were met with extraordinary determination to destroy barriers of segregation and the double standard of education. The belief in the rightness and long-term value of their actions led the Negro parents and their children to endure economic reprisals, threats, bombings and other pressures exerted by those who opposed an integrated educational system.

As moves to implement the 1954 Supreme Court decision increased, various subsidiary effects resulted. One such effect was the heightened activity of the Ku Klux Klan, largely composed of whites of low economic status, and the formation of Citizens Councils, primarily composed of white businessmen and others of the middle class, dedicated as the

Klan to interference with the movement towards integration. Physical and psychological pressures and articles in the press were used in the attempts to halt "racial mixing."

Another effect of the pressures surrounding the court decision was the migration of hundreds of Negroes to Northern cities where they sought relief from a treadmill of problems, only to find other frustrations in the slums of the North. So it was that the large Negro population in the South became more mobile, adding to the great World War II migration settlements of Negroes from the South to the highly industrialized states of California in the West, Chicago, in the Midwest, New York in the East and various points between.

In times of tension more people are forced into taking stands for or against vital issues. Thus, another effect of the extended period of the integration of schools was that fewer people were apathetic, as various political and civic leaders, newspaper editors and others were put more in a position of having to take a stand. Various forums, editorials, and countless conversations of average citizens focused on the issue.

The second far-reaching motivation cited that led to the recent rise of civil rights activities was the Montgomery bus boycott. Beginning with a single tired and quietly determined woman Mrs. Rosa Parks, who was arrested when she refused to move to the back of a city bus, the Negro population of Montgomery, Alabama, became unprecedented in its unity as thousands walked and formed car pools rather than ride the segregated buses. Not only did a spirit of unity of effort and a confidence in the rewards of the boycott method emerge, but a leader, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., who was to become the unifier of the various classes of Negroes in Montgomery and eventually to become the national symbol of the Negro's fight for the full gamut of civil rights.

So it was that the token integration of Negro schools, as highlighted by the early Little Rock, Arkansas and Clinton, Tennessee episodes, and the early mechanism of the boycott, as highlighted in Montgomery, Alabama, paved the way for what may be called the "sit-in-stage". The scattered school integration confrontations gave the promise that the whole pattern of racial separation in the South was on the brink of a sharp change, giving to the civil rights picture a scope in area and a depth in significance. The Montgomery boycott contributed an understanding of solidarity of purpose and effort through an organization among the Negroes themselves, allied with others sympathetic to their cause. Through the bus boycott in its triumphant conclusion the Negroes saw that it was possible to change oppressive patterns themselves by exerting effort rather than waiting solely for the

change of laws through the court process to help implement justice.

Thus, when a group of Negro youth sat at an "all-white" lunch counter and requested service in Greensboro, North Carolina on February 1, 1960, the stage had been set for widespread efforts, both spontaneous and organized. One week later students at North Carolina College at Durham had initiated efforts, returning to the campus to relate stories of rebuffs and insults that motivated others to join the sit-in efforts. Fights sometimes flared breaking the passive resistance pledge as demonstrators faced slaps, pin-prickings, and food thrown upon them. But, as a whole, the youth held true to their pledge to endure humiliations with stoic determination free from violence, a technique that was to draw sympathy and to put the federal government fully behind their efforts. So the sit-ins went throughout the south with sympathetic demonstrations from one coast of America to the other as numerous whites joined the movement. And as the sit-in grew in number from the big cities to the small towns, so grew the mass jailings that accompanied them and concurrently the organized method. Pronouncedly, the civil rights groups began focusing on action techniques as their meetings came to include demonstrations and practice sessions in sit-in tactics and in self-protection. Human relations councils were organized or strengthened during the period. And the civil rights spirit came to permeate the Negro college campuses as "We Shall Overcome" became the theme and motivation.

From the sit-in technique, combined with the boycott in stages of the movement, came the integration of lunch counters in ten cents stores through much of the South. By 1963 another move of demonstrations came as the civil rights groups increased the scope of their attention to restaurants, movies, and job opportunities. The picket line, which had become widely used after the initial sit-ins, was used again along with other pressures for negotiation. Fair employment practices and provisions for patrons were the emphases. From this wave of the movement came the opening of certain jobs and of certain recreational facilities.

Continuing to build in momentum and in the number of participants, the civil rights movement was highlighted by an unprecedented march in August 1963, the celebrated march on Washington. This demonstration attracted thousands of persons from over the nation from the humblest of workers to the wealthiest of movie stars, representing various racial and religious backgrounds and national origins—all allied in the desire to take a stand in the movement that had snowballed from that first impetus of the Montgomery spirit. This quiet and dignified mass demonstration during the time the U.S. Congress was debating the Civil

Rights Bill contributed strength to the argument for its passage. Upon its institution into law came the opening of public facilities of the nation and broader employment opportunities from the cities to the small towns. Although many businessmen protested the passage of the bill, once it became law, doors were opened throughout the South. In some places the law was obeyed begrudgingly as Negro patrons were overcharged or given less than satisfactory service, but to a remarkable degree, businessmen accepted the ruling as the law of the land. So it is that many of the same restaurants and theatres that were once scenes of intense racial conflict are now quietly integrated as though they were never otherwise. This is not to say that all facilities have been tried for in some of the very small towns there are likely places yet untested because of various pressures from the whites or a certain apathy among the Negro citizenry, but by and large, public facilities have been integrated throughout the South.

The employment aspect of the Civil Rights Bill has also brought far-reaching effect as industry increasingly searches the Negro college campuses for their most capable graduates. The growing demand for talents and skills is illustrated by the fact that seven years ago fewer than ten industrial representatives visited the North Carolina College campus in quest of its qualified graduates, whereas now more than two hundred representatives visit the campus and offer remarkable starting salaries and benefits to those who meet the standards of employment. The current dilemma in some circles is that there is a greater demand for qualified persons than there are persons qualified. Negroes, long denied entrance into certain areas of employment, have sometimes been hesitant to train for these fields although their services are now in great demand. Others have broken into varied fields and are now serving on all levels of employment. The Office of Economic Opportunities on the federal level has done much to check into cases where bias has been charged and to open new areas.

As the Civil Rights Law received its first testings throughout the South, a new phase of the rights movement emerged, that for voting rights. Coming from this chapter, and accompanied again by demonstrations, was the Voting Rights Bill that provided for federal registrars to register Negro voters in places where they were denied this right. As a result of this new stake of Negroes in the political picture where their numbers are many, numerous ones are running for local, county, state and national offices and numerous white politicians are now appealing for their votes. One indication of this new political strength is in Georgia, a state whose history has been marked by evidences of the most rabid racial hatred and strict segregation. Here there are now several Negroes seated in

the legislature, as there are in Texas and other states. As illustrated by the most recent mass march, the one to Jackson, Mississippi, the push for large scale voting among Negroes to effect more long range and widespread changes is the current focus of the rights movement, as housing and other areas receive subsidiary attention.

With Dr. Martin Luther King Jr's recent move to Chicago to accentuate racial injustices there, the South no longer was the single focus in civil rights activity. Restrictions on apartments, houses, and areas where Negroes may live have long been frustrations. Even more than in much of the South the North and Far West are marked by bias in housing, for unlike the South where integrated neighbourhoods are not uncommon, the North and the Far West are characterized by large scale slums and restricted areas. Because of the density of population and degradation of conditions, these areas are veritable powder kegs that have erupted into such incidents as the Harlem riots in New York City and the Watts riots in Los Angeles, California. The Poverty Program of President Lyndon Johnson's administration has provided some help in these areas but, as a whole, limitations in local administration and problems of method in the still relatively new program have left much to be desired in giving real relief from existing conditions. Moreover, the program has worked on living conditions and training of school dropouts through the Job Corps, not in desegregating areas. An open occupancy bill currently being debated in the U.S. Congress would provide much relief from pressures, but many people see little chance of its passage, recalling the recent defeat of such a bill in the comparatively liberal state of California and considering the biases of many Northern and Southern Congressmen on the issue.

Beyond the areas of housing, employment, public facilities, and education are others where legal aspects are being debated. Two major ones currently in focus are the jury system which has excluded Negroes in many parts of the South, and the laws forbidding inter-racial marriage as remains on the books in some states. Following several widely publicized cases of the miscarriage of justice stemming from civil rights incidents, President Johnson has proposed legislation to deal with inequities in the administration of the jury system. The means of implementing such changes are yet to be set forth. The second additional area of current civil rights concern cited, inter-racial marriage, is now before the U.S. Supreme Court in the case of an inter-racial couple whose marriage is considered illegal in their home state of Virginia. If the Supreme Court decrees that such laws against marriage on the basis of race are illegal, the most touchy area of civil rights will be reached, for it is the matter of racial mixing on this level that has been most frightening to

those against integration. The statement that one may marry whom he chooses in essence recognizes the unity of race, the human race, which the segregationist has always denied.

So it has been that through the combination of the quiet procedure of the courts and the more vocal process of the demonstrations and their allied activities, the climate of America has undergone and is undergoing phenomenal changes. Those changes have reached into all areas. In the armed forces and in sports, through those primary areas since 1954 cited in this article—education, public facilities, employment, and political rights—integration has become extended into more and more of the professional, civic and social organizations; in press coverage and into representation in advertising in the mass media, and on such levels as the beauty pageants.

Additionally, the Negro's role in the theatre is a new one reflecting his new image. The flat stereotyped character of a shuffling, docile and complacent Negro of earlier plays and films has been replaced by a many faced character reflecting the various levels of action and response that are evident in all human behaviour. More is yet to be done in realistic representation, as in representing inter-racial love affairs, but as a whole, the movement is in the direction from the stereotyped to the individual portrayal. In acting itself, recognition is being extended as indicated by Sydney Poitier's being chosen the outstanding actor in the film world and Bill Crosby's being selected the outstanding actor in the television field in recent annual competitions.

In conclusion, in viewing the changes now occurring in the United States, I see them as a Negro, as an American, and as a Baha'i. As a Negro, I see them as belated and still only partial relief from the humiliations and injustices that Negroes have suffered from the time of their enslavement. I feel firmly a need for a personal and spiritual amity to make the new integration something more than a cold legal evidence.

I see the changes as an American as the gradual fulfilment of the constitution of the United States which extols basic human dignity and upholds the rights of the individual. In the Negro's current pressures for full recognition then, he, as some have phrased it, is helping America rediscover its conscience.

As a Baha'i, I see the struggles as inseparable from the great changes that are going on throughout the world, for Baha'u'llah, the founder of the Baha'i World Faith, prophesied in the nineteenth century an incomparable period when long held traditions would be swept away, a time when mankind would gradually recognize the unity of the human race, in time the unity of nations under a world federal government and the basic unity of religions under one God. He prophesied that America,

an incomparable melting pot of the various races, nationalities, classes and religions would be the microcosm through which would be reflected a future world unity, a fulfilment of the Christ-prophesied Kingdom of God on Earth. It is in this direction in belief, effort, and dedication that I see the panorama of changes in American history with unprecedented promise.

C. L. R. JAMES

THE MAN AND HIS WORKS

Report Delivered to the Conference on West Indian Affairs University of Montreal, October 9, 1965.

By MARTIN GLABERMAN

I first saw C.L.R. James in 1936 when he came to the United States on a lecture tour. I saw him keep the rapt attention of an audience of several hundred people in New York City as he lectured for three hours on the British Empire. I last saw James about a year and a half ago at his flat in London. We had several days of intense discussion of the Negro question in the United States. My wife and I had just returned from a trip to continental Europe and one of the most delightful evenings I have ever spent in my life was spent listening to James discuss the long list of statues and other works of art that the traveller in Europe is supposed to see. He brought to life Michelangelo and the days of the Medici in Florence. And not only brought them to life but made them most relevant to our own day.

Between these two occasions I have seen James lecture in New York and to an audience of auto workers in Detroit and keep them equally enthralled. But what I associate most in my own mind with C.L.R. is not so much his ability to give to others of his own store of knowledge and wisdom but rather his ability to draw out of others knowledge of themselves and to develop the talents and abilities that are in them. In his writings, in his lectures, in his conversations with individuals the outstanding characteristic is the development of the reader or the listener.

There are people in many parts of the world who are familiar with the work of C.L.R. James. Apart from the West Indies, there are share croppers in South-east Missouri in the United States whom James worked to organize in the 1940's. This was 30 years before Martin Luther King and the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee began their work in the South. There are South Africans who secretly read *THE BLACK JACOBINS* as an underground textbook in the struggle for freedom. There are cricket-lovers in England who enriched by the writing of C.L.R. James whose experience of modern industrial society was recorded and their understanding made more

profound by C.L.R. James. There are in many countries thinkers, writers, teachers and politicians whose education and training came in part from James personally and from his works.

Yet, despite all this, the significance of James and of his work is little known and hardly understood. In part this is because much of James' work is unpublished and out of print. But more important than this is the tremendous range of his interest and his accomplishments. Many people have seen the trees which he has planted but few have seen the forest.

James has written a novel, a play which was produced in London and a number of short stories. He has written a history of the rise and fall of the Communist International. He was the first to write of the case for West Indian independence. His *THE BLACK JACOBINS*, the story of the first successful slave revolt, was written in the cause of African independence. He was one of that small band in England, the African Bureau, who fought and educated for the freedom of Africa when to most men it was only a dream. George Padmore was the head of the African Bureau. James was the editor of its papers. Jomo Kenyatta was a member, Kwame Nkrumah became a member.

But his interest and his talents were universal, not to be limited by a nation, a continent or a race. His translation of Souvarine's biography of Stalin and his studies of the Soviet Union and of economics led to the development of a theoretical point of view which made possible a serious understanding and critique of the Russian dictatorship, a point of view which is fully in the revolutionary socialist tradition and retains for that tradition its democratic essence. His study of, and writings on, modern industrial society have illuminated the social process for many who would otherwise have been lost in the confusion so characteristic of those who think about the problems of the modern world. And his work is characterised, not by the dullness of the scholar's ivory tower, but by the fire of the participant; and not by the supposed impartiality of the academic, not by the pessimism of the small in heart and mind, but by the optimism of one who can see the broad historical process and can see, above all, the life, the talents, the contribution to freedom and to history of the millions of ordinary people who inhabit our planet.

James wrote a study of Melville, the American author, which provided a unique interpretation both of Melville and his works and of modern America society. This book, *MARINERS, RENEGADES AND CASTAWAYS*, is now one of the standard texts of Melville's criticism. He has used his knowledge of Shakespeare to illuminate the modern political personality and to rekindle interest in Shakespeare himself, in broadcasts for the B.B.C. and an unpublished manuscript on Shakespeare and Lenin. In *BEYOND A BOUNDARY*, through his understanding of cricket, he has helped both West Indians and Englishmen better to under-

stand themselves and their cultures. It has been called by English reviewers the finest book on sports ever written.

In his writings on, and participation in, the struggles of Negro Americans James has put forward conceptions of that struggle which cut away narrow ideological and group interests and place the Negro American at the centre of the historical stage in the United States, the most revolutionary of Americans.

It is easy to believe that this tremendous range of work and thought reflects an individual genius who has simply exercised his talents in many fields. That would be only a half-truth and therefore wrong. For the many and various questions which have occupied James during most of this century are not separate and unrelated but are parts of a unified totality. The unity comes from a fundamental philosophical point of view which can be described as dialectical. It is that the world is torn by contradictions, that the contradictions are the struggles between men, and that men knowingly or unknowingly, make their own history; and that the fundamental thread that runs through and illuminates the history of mankind is the continuing struggle of the great masses of ordinary people for liberty.

We want to mention two books, one unpublished, is called *NOTES ON THE DIALECTIC*. It was written in 1948 as an effort to apply Hegelian and Marxian dialectic to the understanding of our own time. It is both philosophical and concrete, and so perspective was this philosophical tool that eight years before the Hungarian Revolution, James was able to indicate, in abstract and theoretical form, what the Hungarians demonstrated in life. That is that the domination over the masses of the industrial countries of the traditional political party had come to an end and men would for the first time take their fate directly into their own hands.

The second book is called *MODERN POLITICS*. It was the result of the six lectures delivered at the Public Library in Port-of-Spain, Trinidad. It was published as a book in Trinidad, and immediately suppressed so that only two or three copies are now in the possession of the author and his friends. The book presents the panoramic history of the western world in a way that is understandable to anyone. It shows the struggle for human freedom continuing in all ages and on all continents. And it offers to the reader the means to understand his own history and, what is more important, means to make his own history. It is a small wonder that the book was suppressed—but it will be republished.

It should be clear that it is my view that C.L.R. James is a world figure of the greatest importance. He is, in a very real sense, a citizen of the world. But he is, because of that, very much a West Indian. It is not an accident that such a man was born in Trinidad. It is part of the contribution of the West Indies to the modern world. The West

Indies have what is essentially a European Culture. And this is embodied in C. L. R. James to a degree that would be difficult to match. But unlike Europe, the West Indian intellectual has not experienced the unparalleled catastrophes and defeats that have been the fate of Europe in this country. Two world wars, the defeat of revolution in the major countries of Europe, the barbarism of Nazism and fascism and Stalinist totalitarianism, all this has made of the European intellectual a cynic and a pessimist. As a result, to many Europeans the narrow view has seemed more rewarding than the broad view.

In C. L. R. James is embodied both the totality of Western culture and the optimism and fire of a people who have not been defeated by history, who have still to make their own history. He is not the least that the West Indies have contributed to the world.

EDITOR'S NOTE : The following article is a reprint of chapter one of Captain Hugh Mulzac's celebrated book, "A Star to Steer By." The book should be compulsory reading in our schools and a "must" among those who wish to relive with the author some of the childish memories of early twentieth century Vincentian life. It is also an exciting story of a coloured man's struggle to attain social and political equality in a White World. We recommend the reading of this book to all Vincentians.

We also wish to thank publicly International Publishers Co. Inc., New York, for their kind permission to reprint a part of this work.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN UNION

ISLA D BOY

By HUGH MULZAC

Among the BEAUTIFUL ISLANDS of the Caribbean Sea, at a point where Latitude 12°, 35' and 55" north crosses Longitude 61°, 27' and 25" west, the sea thrusts two peaks, Tibree and Rafall, towards the sky. From these heights the earth slopes gently into lush tropical lowlands that embrace an area of some 20 square miles before returning to the tides. Few of the islands of the West Indian Archipelago have placed so small a claim on the world's curiosity as this little parcel of land, where on March 26, 1986, I was born, a howling, mewling addition to the 5000 inhabitants of Union Island.

All 5000, save one, were of African origin, the descendants of slaves captured, bound and carried across the ocean in the centuries-long slave trade between the West Coast of Africa, the West Indies, and the eastern shores of the United States. Their forefathers' lives had been a hell on earth, and they, "emancipated," had achieved a kind of purgatory.

One white man, a Scotsman, lived and reigned among them with benevolent but unquestioned authority. In 1863 he had left the braes and lochs

of Scotland to find his fortune in the British West Indies, finally settling in St. Vincent, government centre of the British Grenadines. The main island, satellites to St. Vincent, then as now, were Bequia, Balwai, Mustique, Canouan, Mayreau and Union, among some hundreds of others.

The year of his arrival in St. Vincent the adventurous Scotsman married a native woman, leased Union Island, 40 miles away, and ran it as a large plantation on which the entire population worked on a share-cropping basis. To protect and nurture his investment he built a home on Union, and maintained it the rest of his life. The Scotsman's name was Charles Mulzac. He was my grandfather.

My recollections of grand-father are hazy, for he died in 1893 when I was only seven years old. I remember him as a small man with a long white beard who walked around the island carrying a cane behind his back. Through the mist of years only one incident stands out sharply. Grand-father had a strange custom. He imported a kind of round cheese from Scotland, cut off the top, scooped out the centre, and filled the hollow with fine Madeira wine. Then, replacing the top, he let the whole thing stand until the centre was rife with maggots. When this delicacy was "ripe" he settled down in a chair and gobbled it up with a spoon, wriggling worms and all!

I used to watch this culinary adventure with horror. Often the worms would fall into grand-father's fine white beard and hide, and on these occasions I stayed away from the old man for weeks. This was not easy, for I loved to sit on his knee and run my fingers through the silky beard, but the fear that I might dislodge a worm was just too much for my young imagination.

Grand mother lived a long time after grand-father's death. Pious and sedate, she looked very much like a dark Queen Victoria. She was extremely pleasant, though proper, in her relations with others, and the people of Union Island seemed to hold her in high regard—whether out of fear or respect I really didn't know. She had borne two boys and two girls for the little man with the maggoty beard—Richard (my father), Mary, John and Emma.

My mother's parents were of pure African descent. Her father, James Donowa, was born and educated in Antigua in the Leeward Islands, and ordained a minister of the protestant Episcopal Church in Barbados. A student of Bishop Bree, Anglican Bishop of the Windward Island group, he was sent to Union to serve as clergyman and school master. Shortly after his arrival he married my grand mother, Jessie, and in the succeeding years she bore him eight children, one of them my mother, Ada Rosefine. In 1885 Richard Mulzac and Ada Donowa were married, and a year later I was born, the first of seven children. My father had married earlier, and two older sons, John and Edward, were part of our household. After me there came Irvin, Una, Lavina, Lamin, James and May.

For me, growing up on Union Island was like growing up in Paradise. Even now, two generations and many miles removed from the scenes of my childhood, I can conjure up the taste of the sweet sugar apple, the lovely sapadilla, and the juicy java plums. What boy has ever had the ultimate in desserts who has not taken freshly-picked sour sops, mixed them with fresh milk, added nutmeg and spice to produce a delicacy like ice cream but much better? And what pale and artificially-flavoured jam bought from the supermarket can challenge the tang and flavour of marmalades and jellies made from the succulent guava?

Where but on these islands could you walk into a room and be all but overcome by the fragrance of a bowl of mangoes set invitingly in the centre of the table? Or walk in any direction with the sweet essence of jasmine pervading your nostrils from a block or more away? Where could a boy grow, gather strength, and test his skill better than on a tropic isle, warm, but spared from enervating heat by constant northeast trade winds wafting from the Horse Latitudes to the equator and carrying with them as they passed the natural perfume of ever-blooming flowers?

Or what pleasanter way to fill a belly than with the rich variety of dishes prepared from the vegetables yielded by our island earth—yams, eddoes, tanyas, and many more. Or the water coconut and the breadfruit, rising 60 or more feet into the resplendent sky?

Of meats the sea afforded a never-ending supply—jack fish, Spanish mackerel, red snapper, cavali, flying fish, whale, barracuda, and dolphin all made their home in the waters surrounding our little island; and most made their way sooner or later to our table. They were the fruit of the other world to me, the vast, mysterious world of water which bathed the shores of Union and stretched in all directions to lands and peoples who existed only in picture books and stories of an island boy.

The waters were beautiful—and close by, never more than a few minutes from any spot of the island. I only suspected as a boy, but now I know, that the reef-rimmed shores of Union Island are dotted with the most beautiful sand beaches to be found anywhere in the world. The land slopes ever so imperceptibly from the mountains to the water's edge, surrendering to the gentle tides of the Caribbean on the West and the limitless expanse of the Atlantic to the East. You could walk out into the sea for a mile or more in water no deeper than your waist. And underfoot, through translucent blue water, pure white sand formed a bed for millions of exquisitely shaped white shells, sea eggs and starfishes. In my early years I loved to gather shells and make picture frames and other household ornaments from them.

Childhood, then, was happy for me. It was not long, however, before I began to understand that other boys and girls did not have the same opportunity to enjoy the gifts of nature on our island as I had. After all, Union was one big plantation,

and every boy was not the son or grandson of the master of the plantation. For those lads who were not, and their parents, life was unending toil with little to show for it. The tenants were required to plant most of their land in cotton, the single cash staple of the island, and their agreement with grandfather, and later father, required them to turn over all their cotton to him. Grandfather then ginned it and shipped both seed and cotton to England. In return for their labour the farmers received a pittance, the exact amount of which I was never aware, but which could not have amounted to much. Nor was the sum grandfather received from the sale of the cotton and seed any concern of theirs.

So long as the land was well planted in cotton the people of Union Island could put in whatever vegetables they wanted or the remaining land could bear. For the most part, the little garden patches around their homes provided their main source of food.

After grandfather's death father, as the eldest son, took over the island. He was a man of medium build, about five feet eight, and of quiet nature. He had been called "Sonny" by his own father and dad by his older sons. Through the years he was known to us as Dad-Sonny. He never smoked and drank very little. For a number of years he ran the island exactly as his father had before him, but with the death of the patriarch dissatisfaction among the people began to spread and gradually found channels of expression.

Finally father went to St. Vincent and arranged with the colonial authorities to divide the land so that each family owned its own little plot. This arrangement worked for several years, though nothing, really, had been changed. Father continued to buy the cotton at his own price and to export it as he had before. Gradually the farmers understood that they were no better off, and that their real problem was that they were compelled to market their cotton through one broker who had a complete monopoly on the trade.

The people demanded further reforms and under this pressure father decided to abandon the cotton business. He opened a shipyard at Frigit Rock, a tiny island a mile offshore, and began to build whaling boats and small schooners to run among the West Indians islands. With four boats, the Paragon, Priscilla, Pursuer, and Providence, he went into the whaling business.

Father's shift from a landlord's affairs to the sea was, of course, the major turning point in my life. From that time on the family's fortunes were tied to the sea. Most of my waking hours away from school, church, and chores, were spent at the edge of the water or in boats upon it.

Whaling had a special fascination. The whales came in February, March and April, driven by the cold from the Grand Banks of Nova Scotia to our most hospitable waters to calve. And as soon as the first schools began to arrive the contests would begin.

Eight strong and daring men—a captain, six oarsmen and a harpoon man—would head out towards the deep, where the water turn a heavy blue and was alive with mackerel, king fish, sharks and barracuda. With the captain standing in the stern, steering with a low oar, the harpoon man poise at the bow, the oarsmen would bring the boat quietly among a school of whales, until one of the huge mammals loomed alongside. "Lift your harpoon" the captain would command. Then precisely at the right second—not too soon to assure a good strike or too late to hit the alarmed target—the order would come, "Strike!"

With a whirring sound the four-foot harpoon, attached to a five-foot rod, whirled from the strong, black arm and lodged in the whale's side. As the head of the harpoon opened inside and the whale picked up speed, the harpooner gave her rope until the slack was gone. Then, with the boat in the mad whale's tow, sometimes careening over the sea at breakneck speed, one of the sailors would give her the gun. The explosion of the shell inside the whale slowed her immediately, and as the whale-boat came alongside the hand lance found its way under the fin and the whale was dead.

Then the oarsmen, the great dead weight trailing behind, pointed the boat toward shore where an excited boy stood in open-eyed amazement at their gallant exploit.

The whale was hauled up on the beach by "Norwegian steam"—hand power with block and tackle—cut up and its meat given to the islanders for a dish tastier than beef. The fat or blubber would be fried in big iron kettles, and the oil put in barrels to be shipped to St. Vincent in transit to England. The captain, oarsmen, and harpoon man would then return to the sea for another strike.

On Union Island our home stood on the gentle incline of a hill, about 200 yards from the church and schoolhouse. These institutions provided the moorings of my early life. As a boy I ranged in play and exploration to all corners of our little island, building miniature huts and skipping stones; picking fruits and flowers I ran, but always, in the end, returning to the disciplines of these two establishments which were conspiring to make me into a man. Both were very British, and a very British gentleman they sought to make me. That in the end I would turn out to be an American sailor was no fault of theirs—they did their best.

Our home was an eight-room cottage, surrounded by a masonry wall—Fronting it was well-kept garden in which all the lovely flowers of the island were opened in almost perpetual bloom. Inside life was well ordered; our parents had maxims for all contingencies, and we were expected to learn them well. We learned that there was a place for everything and that everything should be in its place; that we should attempt but one thing at a time, and do that well. Above all we learned those rules which were the most binding of all—The Ten Commandments.

Of course life was too unpredictable, even on a

tropic isle, to be everlastingly served by maxims. On the occasions when situations arose for which there were no existing proverbs—our parents improvised new ones on the spot. And their words were always law. Neither mother nor father believed in physical punishment, an unusual attitude in those days. Nevertheless they wielded, benevolently but firmly, total authority. They expected us to do what they considered to be the right thing, and a stern glance or a harsh word accomplished more than fear of flogging.

Thus our island day was a sweet succession of delightful events and stern lectures when we misbehaved. The mornings began with a walk to the farm, for in addition to his whaling business, father owned a cattle farm with about 300 head of cattle. The cows provided milk for the island, while steers were fattened for sale or slaughter.

My little sister Luvina had an encounter with one of the latter when she was three years old. She was on the front step playing when one of the boys passed, taking the cows to pasture. She paid him no mind and started to run. Suddenly a big black steer rushed after her and tossed her up in the air. His Horn was driven into her mouth clean through her nostrils before she was rescued. Luvina was rushed to the hospital and my father killed the steer on the spot.

The milk cows were highly intelligent. Each had been given a name and responded to the call of the boys into whose care they had been given. "Lawb-ing heifer, come out," one of the boys would call, and the cow, who had not been a heifer for years, would leave the pen and stand ready to be milked. Queenie, Jeanette, Sprekel, and all the others responded to the call of their names.

After each of us had two cups of fresh, frothy milk, we headed for the beach and a quick swim and bath. Then it was back to the house for a breakfast of hot chocolate, made from cocoa grown in St. Vincent, and freshly baked bread. Well before the appointed hour we were ready for school, which began at nine o'clock.

Education was not free on Union Island, and the only ones to enjoy its benefits were those whose parents could afford to pay two pence a week and provide the necessary books. Thus classes were small and discipline strict. In my case it was doubly strict, since the schoolmaster was James Donowa, my maternal grandfather. While we were on his premises he ruled his charges exactly as a feudal baron ruled his serfs. There were no modern notions of a permissive relationship between pupil and teacher, nor was the schoolmaster loath to punctuate the meaning of a special point with a smack of his hand or a stinging crack across the backside of the recalcitrant student. We studied and memorized relentlessly.

After finishing the primary grades on Union Island, I left for secondary school in St. Vincent. Our family also maintained a home in Kingstown. Another eight-room cottage on Middle Street, with a magnificent veranda adorned with flowers.

Painted white, and topped with a red-shingled roof, it sparkled in the rays of the sun filtering through the leaves of a giant breadfruit tree which covered almost the entire yard. Inside it was always cool and airy, and a wonderful place to study.

At 18 I graduated from high school in St. Vincent. Had I followed the lure of books I might have proceeded to one of the two institutions of higher learning in the West Indies: Codrington College in Barbados, or Mico College in Antigua. By this time, however, I had begun to learn that there were aspects of life not encompassed in the books in British schools. Mathematics and geography had been my favourite subjects, and I received excellent grounding in them, but history was always a puzzle. All the history in West Indian schools was British history. We learned of Celts, Queen Elizabeth, and Henry VIII, the War of the Roses and the Reformation, the daring and gallantry of Sir Walter Raleigh and Lord Nelson—and very little else. Of castles, lords and dukes, counts and marquises, we had our fill. The glory and growth of the Empire was a part of our daily intellectual diet.

But we were children of Africa, and of Africa we learned nothing. It was a "dark continent" with habits puzzling to "our" Western ways. And of West Indian history, the story of our own islands and peoples, also we learned nothing whatever.

Church was little more enlightening than school especially since James Donowa, schoolmaster-grandfather, was also minister, and my mother the organist. Mother had been something of a prodigy, who at thirteen had won an all-islands piano competition. Now, during my youth, she was the accompanist of the choir and music director. Each Sunday I dutifully took my place as an altar boy, intoned the familiar hymns and listened to the earnest preachments which constituted grandfather's sermons.

Yet there were happier church events—the time of the harvest festival, for example. Harvesting began in August, toward the end of the rainy season. When all the crops had been gathered the people selected the best fruits and vegetables from their gardens, and the finest specimens of livestock. After church the minister would bless these offerings, which were then sold at auction for the benefit of the church. It was always a joy to examine the offerings, and to race around in the festival atmosphere.

Even greater fun was the maroon, a picnic of African origin. Once a year, after the harvest, the people of the village gathered at a selected place in the hills, bringing with them as much uncooked food as they could carry. There they would light fires and all day long prepare their viands, competing with one another to offer the tastiest dish. When the food was ready grandfather Donowa would pass among the celebrants and bless each dish, and then everyone would fall to, sharing and comparing the victuals.

"Why, Aunt Lou, what a fine calillon you have prepared," one island matron would exclaim to

another. Or someone else less charitable might say, "That's some fine jack fish you have there, girl, but if you really want to taste some good one, just step over here and have a mouthful of mine!" Whatever the comments everyone gorged himself at the maroon picnic, and if someone said, "Ain't had such good eatin' since last maroon picnic day," he merely expressed the sentiments of all.

After food came the song and dance, when the rhythms of distant Africa would break through the prim decorum of British habit. Many of the older residents retained Africanisms in their speech. I knew one old lady who spoke almost no English and used the broken remnant of her African tongue, yet most of the other islanders understood her.

Both young and old danced the African dance, the bongay, to the beat of African drums. Some of the others, especially youngsters who had visited cosmopolitan Trinidad, disdained the old dances and preferred waltzes, pascoes, chardis and lances, but the dominant spirit of the maroon picnic was always the intricate, high-spirited dance of Africa.

Aside from the harvest and the maroon picnic, the most notable holidays on Union Island were Christmas, New Year's Day, Easter, King's and Queen's birthdays, and Emancipation Day, August 1st. On these days athletic games were the rule and I gloried in them. Cricket, of course, was the national game, and I developed an island-wide reputation as a cricketer. Boat racing, swimming, donkey and horse races were also popular. Particularly fascinating were the horizontal and vertical pole races, in which prizes were hung at the end of a greased pole. To scale the vertical pole, 35 feet in the air, or to make one's way to the end of the horizontal pole placed on top of the jetty over the water, required more than moderate skill. But at the end, for the few who persevered, there was always a ham, a slab of bacon or some other prized edible. Rounders was another favourite game. The same rules applied as in American baseball, except that the rubber ball was batted with the hand rather than a stick.

My penchant for sports and for taking the lead in almost any new venture almost became my undoing on one memorable occasion. A group of us was standing on top of a high hill watching father's men, who had just captured an unusually large whale. We watched them through a telescope as they towed it to Frigate Rock and windlassed it up on the beach. All of us wanted to go over and see the big whale, but this required crossing a dangerous stretch of water. I sought to persuade the others to join me but none would take the chance. I ran down to the beach, jumped into a rowboat, and set out alone.

Halfway across I was completely tired out. The oars became heavier with each stroke, the current was contrary, and it soon became apparent that struggle as I would I could make no headway. The little craft began to drift and there seemed to be no way I could change its direction. For a time I reconciled myself to

the drift, hoping that after a brief respite I would have strength to bring the boat on her course. But each time I tried anew the oars were heavier than ever.

Gradually the realization dawned that I was no match for the powerful current, and panic displaced determination. The boat had now drifted several miles from Frigate Rock, towards the open sea. I decided that what little strength remained could best be spent in cries for help, and at the top of my lungs I screamed in all directions, praying the wind would carry my voice to some nearby voyager. Half an hour later two sturdy fishermen in a boat much like my own heard my cries, took me in tow, and rowed me back to shore. There my companions who had refused to join the venture met me with howls of derision, and my usually gentle father gave me the beating of a lifetime. Thus ended my first seafaring expedition.

While this experience served to dampen my enthusiasm for a time, it did break the monotony of island life where there was little communication with the world. There was no newspaper on the island, no telephone or telegraph. The only events which disturbed our lives were the unpredictable arrivals of the mail boat from St. Vincent or adventurers of our own contrivance. The boats that visited Union were seldom motor boats, and thus their schedule could never be precisely forecast. But their arrival, with provisions for the few stores on the island and the rum shop, was always an exciting event.

The rum came from St. Vincent in 25-gallon casks, which father bottled for sale. One of the principal habits of the rum shop was father's own brother, Uncle Johnie. He was the pleasantest of men, always ready with a kind word for a friend or neighbor and dedicated to doing good turns. He liked his rum as much as anyone, and when the cask was empty would refill it with a few gallons of water and seal it up for three or four days. Then one night he would open it up and start doing an American jig, a favourite diversion which drinking invariably provoked. Finally he would lay right down on the floor with his mouth against the dripping spigot, and the news would flash around the island, "Uncle Johnie's drinkin' the cask water again."

Perhaps the biggest event of our childhood came one day in the late '90's, I think it was. Grandfather had been carrying on a campaign to get the people to come to Sunday service. He was battling against long-entrenched custom, for the islanders habitually went to their gardens on Sunday morning to select fruits and vegetable for Sunday dinner.

Since this interfered with the custom "labour" Grandfather considered the custom "labour" and reminded them of the Biblical injunction, "Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work."

but the seventh day is the Sabbath, and on it thou shall do no manner of work." One day grandfather happened to be consulting the Bristol Almanac and discovered that an eclipse of the sun would be visible from the island two Sundays hence. The next Sunday he told the congregation that if they persisted in going to their gardens on the Lord's Day God would spread Darkness over the land.

Grandfather had pleaded, cajoled and threatened so often that the people did not believe him. The following Sunday most were right back in their gardens when service began at

11:00. The sun was bright in the heavens as it can be only on a late West Indian morning. But before midday the moon moved into its prescribed position and darkness began to spread over the island.

The terrified islanders rushed toward the church from all parts of the land, and fell on their knees before Grandfather and implored him to pray to God for their forgiveness. Grandfather agreed—provided they would come to church faithfully from that moment on. He had no more trouble—each Sunday the church was packed.